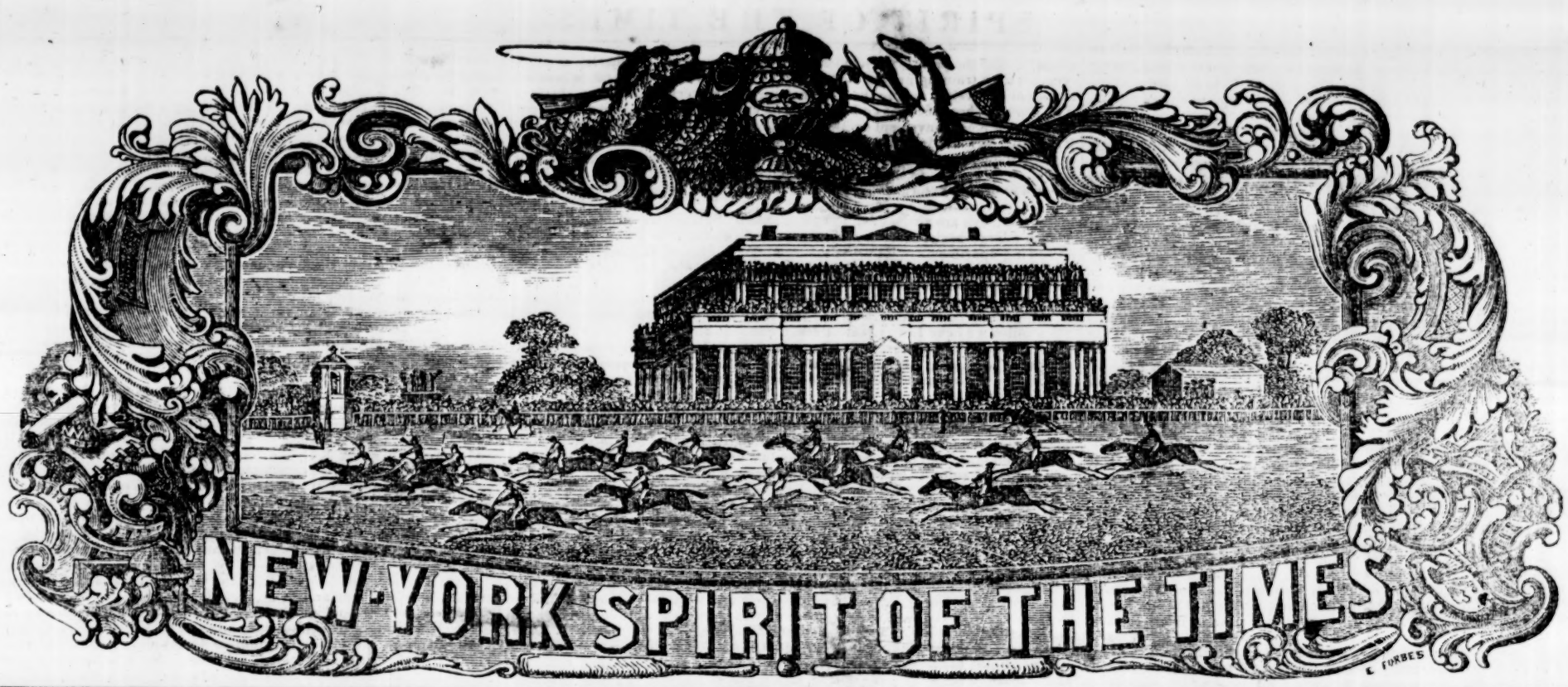

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. N° 45.

JOKES AND HUMORS.

From a new work entitled Glances at Life in City and Country.

These glances are of a complete coquette, very various, very bright, and going rapidly from one to another. Among the papers, we recognise some pleasant old acquaintances, and are happy to begin one with Mr. Hippy, a humorist, from whose odd sayings and doings we extract the following:—

RETORT COURTEOUS.—"Some kind friend (they are not scarce, I believe) once told him, 'Thompson says—to be sure he's no authority—that he does not think so much of you as some of your friends do.' '*He* think!' retorted Hippy, 'a fellow like him that has not two ideas to his back, one to put on while the other is being washed!'"

TAKING A JOKE IN RETURN.—"A little party was knocked up for a trip to a delightful hamlet in the neighborhood of London; and, of course, Hippy was one. Arrived at the favorite spot, off scoured Hippy, impatient to get among the grass, which he enjoyed, I believe, as much as any beast of the field, and when he was full of his fun, would roll in it, as you have seen dogs, horses, and other animals do, when frolicsome and full of enjoyment. His first fit of exuberance over, we got into a grave conversation on the merits of various authors, old and new. We were at the time wandering over a heath. In the midst of our gravities, Hippy suddenly whipped up a young donkey which was grazing there, tucked him under his arm, carried him kicking and struggling along, and dropping him down at the feet of a lady in the party, said, 'A trifle from Margaret, Miss Agnes.' 'Yes,' promptly put in a lively young fellow, 'and with the old motto—When this you see, remember me!' The laugh was general; but he was too much of a humorist not to enjoy a joke even at his own expense, and laughed as heartily as the best."

CONFIRMATION OF A PROBLEM.—"Ten minutes had not elapsed, when, as if hardened with humor, he sallied up to a school of fifty or sixty boys, out for their afternoon airing, and ducking his head and shoulders down till he looked in outline like that 'impertinent thing which asks questions,' a note of interrogation, he inquired of one of the urchins, 'Pray, is Master John Smith with you this afternoon?' 'Yes, sir,' said the innocent little disciple of Dilworth, 'that is Master Smith, pointing to a school-fellow. 'I thought so,' said Hippy; 'there is such a remarkably strong family likeness running through the whole family of the Smiths.' 'Why did you inquire, sir?' asked an usher, who had overheard the query. 'Oh! simply,' said Hippy, 'to confirm the very elegant problem of Dr. Doubledull, in his profound Treatise on Probabilities (Book 29, chap. 80, section 73), that in every fifty persons you meet, the probability is as one to forty-nine that a John Smith is among them, that's all.'"

AN EXPERIMENT AND AN OBSERVATION.—"Soon after this he observes a chubby little fellow making large quotations from a slice of bread and butter, so thick that you might safely swear to its having been cut only by a mother's unsparing hand. Hippy offered to wager that, much as the hungry urchin seemed to enjoy his slice, and much as he had made up his mind to 'go the whole hog' with it, he would make him drop it in thorough indifference to its attractions.—The bet was accepted, and he approached the young muncher with all proper precaution, and, looking him steadily in the face, stood before him in his path; the bread-and-butter works stopped in an instant! He then slowly drew forth a six-pence from his pocket, whispered a few words, and presented it in the palm of his hand before the youngster, who stared a moment—his eyes glistened at the shining silver—'Was it his?' 'Yes;' 'What for?' 'Because he was a good boy, and minded his bread and butter.' The sixpence was transferred to his open hand—spank went the unfinished slice in the dirt! he uttered but one convulsive cry of joy, his little hand shut and clenched fast the glittering treasure, and off the nine-year-old started, at the top of his speed, to carry the news to the home department. The wager was won. 'I should have done just the same myself,' said Hippy. A little after this, as we passed along the heath, we came upon a party of labourers, who had just dug out the skeleton of an ass from a sand-pit. Hippy stood over it in silence, with a sort of zoological reverence which would have done honor to Buckland; and so he stood some time admiring and wondering at its structure, till at last, with the deepest humility, and simplicity, worthy of Lafontaine, he exclaimed, 'Ah! *we* are fearfully and wonderfully made.

These are sort of true Briton chronicles; for England is proverbial for such peculiarities; indeed, the most characteristic of our drama is, "Every Man to his Humor."

The following is a copy of a handbill found nailed against a tree in an Irish chapel-yard, in 1743:—"Michael Flanagan, travelling dancing master, will give lessons for the next fortnight at Davy Dogherty's barn, at the low rate of two skilleens and a tester the week, to be concluded by a ball, tickets, including a tumbler o' punch, tenpence.—Gentlemen taking a ticket allowed to trate a lady.

Tooke was the son of a poulterer, which he alluded to when called upon by the proud striplings of Eton to describe himself—"I am," said young Horne, "the son of an eminent Turkey merchant."

A Musical Challenge.—A man named John Allan, of Malton, has put forth a challenge to the musical world, of which the following is a *verbatim* copy:—"Take notice that John Allan of Malton Musical Whistler Begs to inform the Harmonious and Musical gentlemen in the north-riding of the county of york that he will whistle any man in the said county for The sum of from one pound to five all letters Addressed to him must be post paid.—*John Allen.*

The Magistrate and the Cabman.—A few evenings ago, Mr. ———, a magistrate at one of the police-offices, hired a cab for the purpose of journeying a few miles out of town. "How much is the fare?" said his worship. "Vy," said the cabman, "As I've seed you afore, Sir, I shan't charge more than a crown." "That's too much, man," exclaimed Mr.———, "as you'll not be above an hour going." "Vell, now, and s'pose I does it in an hour, I ought to have vot I ax, and I'm sure yer vorship ought not to grumble, for you fined me five bob t'other day, and warn't more nor half a minute about it neither."

A Sharp Shaver.—Some three or four years since, says the New Era, a grand melo-dramatic spectacle was being rehearsed in the Park theatre, in which a magnificent car drawn by horses, was to make its appearance on the stage through a trap-door. Mr. Manager S. supervised, in person, the rehearsal. The period arrived when the horses should appear dragging the gilded car—the stage was detained—the actors impatient—the manager wrathful, demanding in a loud voice of the boy whose business it was to see all right below, in the regions of mystery and enchantment, "Why the d—l he delayed the car?" "Somebody is cut the traces, sir!" "Cut the traces," asked the manager, "why, nobody's had *access* there to-day but yourself!" "They vasn't cut with *axes*, sir, they vas cut with a knife!"

"Do you go to the fancy ball to-night?" said W. to B., in a conversation in the Law Library. "Certainly," was the reply, "but in citizen's dress. What character do *you* assume?" "I," replied W., "shall appear as Charles the Second." "Indeed!" replied B., "might I advise you would rather appear as Charles the First, for then you would require *no head*."

Two Irishmen seeing a small Shetland Poney passing by, one says to the other, Patrick! did you iver see so little a horse before? indeed I have, said he, I have seen one as little as two of him!

TO TAGLIONI.

Sweet vernal Sylph, in music gaily dancing,
Thou seemst the soul of happy melodies:
The grateful tribute of a thousand eyes
Is thine, with admiration brightly glancing.
What news from the green budding woods dost thou bring?
Among the leaves which Autumn sadly shed
Hath the young Violet raised its purple head,
The sweet and timid harbinger of Spring?—
Thou swimm'st in odors—the clear, vernal dew,
Falls from thy silken locks in diamond shower;
Why hast thou left the marge of streamlet blue,
Whose silver lily lit thy music bower?
Why hast thou left the cuckoo in the glen,
Lonely to mourn thy stay 'mong selfish, worldly men?

[New Yorker.] FALCONER.

THE TURF.

A TREATISE ON THE CARE, TREATMENT, AND TRAINING OF THE ENGLISH RACE-HORSE. By R. DARVILL, Veterinary Surgeon, 7th Hussars. London. 8vo. 1832.

[We commence to-day the re-publication from the LONDON QUARTERLY, of one of the most interesting and elegantly written articles on *The Turf* we ever read. It is indeed eloquent, manly, and instructive. The writer grapples with his subject like ("a knowing) one" thoroughly acquainted with every thing in relation to it, and in discussing it combines the *utile et dulce* in an eminent degree. He is equally at home in the training stables of Newmarket, or the betting rooms at Tattersall's, and his sketches of the crack jockies, and the sporting aristocracy of Great Britain are illustrated and enlivened by a fund of personal anecdote. The article will be peculiarly interesting at this time, as many of the distinguished horses named therein have been imported to this country since it was penned. To the original notes connected with the text we have added many others. Detached extracts from this splendid paper in the Quarterly have occasionally found their way into the sporting magazines, but we propose to give the whole to the American Sporting World, with copious notes, in the columns of the Spirit of the Times. It increases in interest as it progresses, until, like *Bay Middleton*, with Jem Robinson on his back, the writer heads Dull Care—out paces the Blue Devils—locks Ennui—takes the "go along" out of Toil and Trouble—beats Melancholy "into fits" (of laughter), and after running a neck and neck race with Wit and Sentiment, strides away home, and wins in a canter, the Reader second, and the field "no where!"]

In splendor of exhibition and multitude of attendants, Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, or Doncaster would bear no comparison with the imposing spectacle of the Olympic Games; and had not *racing* been considered in Greece a matter of the highest *national* importance, Sophocles would have been guilty of a great fault in his *Electra*, when he puts into the mouth of the messenger who comes to recount the death of Orestes, a long description of the above sports. Nor are these the only points of difference between the racing of Olympia and Newmarket. At the former, honor alone was the reward of the winner, and no man lost either his character or his money.* But still, great as must have been in those old days the passion for equestrian distinction, it was left for later times to display, to perfection, the full powers of the race-horse. The want of stirrups alone must have been a terrible want. With the well-caparisoned war-horse, or the highly-finished *cheval d'école*, even in his gallopade, capriole, or balotade, the rider may sit down upon his twist, and secure himself in his saddle by the clip which his thighs and knees will afford him; but there is none of that (*obstando*) resisting power about his seat which enables him to contend with the race-horse in his gallop. We admit that a very slight comparison can be drawn between the race-horse of ancient and that of modern days; but whoever has seen the print of the celebrated jockey, John Oakley, on Eclipse—the only man, by the way, who could ride him well—will be convinced that, without the fulcrum of stirrups, he could not have ridden him at all; as, from the style in which he ran, his nose almost sweeping the ground, he would very soon have been pulled from the saddle over his head.

Cowper says, in bitter satire—

"We *justly* boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honors of the turf as all our own!"

The *abuses* of the turf we abhor, and shall in part expose; let it not, however, be forgotten that, had we no racing, we should not be in possession of the noblest animal in the creation—the thorough-bred horse. Remember, too, that poor human nature cannot exist without some sort of recreation; even the rigid Cato says, "the man who has no time to be idle is a slave." Inclosures, and graduai refinement of manners, have already contracted the circle of rural sports for which England has been so celebrated; and we confess we are sorry for this, for we certainly give many of them the preference over racing. Hawking has disappeared; shooting has lost the wild, sportsmanlike character of earlier days; and hare-hunting has fallen into disrepute. Fox-hunting, no doubt, stands its ground, but fears are entertained even for the king of sports. Fox-hunting suspends the cares of life, whilst the speculations of the race-course too generally increase them. The one steels the constitution, whilst the anxious cares of the other have a contrary effect. The love of the chase may be said to be screwed into the soul of man by the noble hand of nature, whereas the pursuit of the other is too often the offspring of a passion we should wish to disown. The one enlarges those sympathies which unite us in a bond of reciprocal kindness and good offices; in the pursuit of the other, almost every man we meet is our foe. The one is a pastime—the other a game, and a hazardous one too, and often played at fearful odds. Lastly, the chase does not usually bring any man into *bad company*: the modern turf is fast becoming the very manor of *the worst*. All this we admit; but still we are not for abandoning a thing only for evils not necessarily mixed up with it.

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* Of the training and management of the Olympic race-horse we are unfortunately left in ignorance—all that can be inferred being the fact, that the equestrian candidates were required to enter their names and send their horses to Elis at least thirty days before the celebration of the games commenced, and that the charioteers and riders, whether owners or proxies, went through a prescribed course of exercise during the intervening month. In some respects, we can see, they closely resemble ourselves. They had their course for full-aged horses, and their course for colts; and their prize for which mares only started, corresponding with our Epsom Oaks Stakes. It is true, that the race with riding horses was neither so magnificent nor so expensive, and consequently not considered so *royal*, as the race with chariots, yet they had their gentlemen-jockeys in those days, and noted ones too, for amongst the number were Philip, King of Macedon, and Hiero, King of Syracuse. The first Olympic ode of Pindar, indeed, is inscribed to the latter sovereign, in which mention is made of his horse Phrenicus, on which he was the winner of the Olympic Crown. Considerable obscurity, however, hangs over most of the details of the Olympic turf, and particularly as regards the classing of the riders, and *the weights the horses carried*. It is generally supposed these points were left to the discretion of the judges, who were sworn to do justice; and here we have a faint resemblance to our modern handicap.

Having seen the English turf reach its acme, we should be sorry to witness its decline; but fall it must if a tighter hand be not held over the whole system appertaining to it. Noblemen and gentlemen of fortune and integrity must rouse themselves from an apathy to which they appear lately to have been lulled; and they must separate themselves from a set of *marked*, unprincipled miscreants, who are endeavoring to elbow them off the ground which ought exclusively to be their own. No honorable man can be successful for any length of time, against such a horde of determined depredators as have lately been seen on our race-courses; the most princely fortune cannot sustain itself against the deep-laid stratagems of such villanous combinations.

Perhaps it may not be necessary to enter into the very accidence of racing; but on the authority of Mr. Strutt, "On the Sports and Pastimes of England," something like it was set agoing in Athelstane's reign. "Several race-horses," says he, were sent by Hugh Capet, in the ninth century, as a present to Athelstane, when he was soliciting the hand of Ethelswitha, his sister." A more distinct indication of a sport of this kind occurs in a description of London, written by William Fitz-Stephen, who lived in the reign of Henry II. He informs us that horses were usually exposed to sale in Smithfield, and in order to prove the excellency of hackneys and charging horses, they were usually *matched* against each other. Indeed, the monk gives a very animated description of the start and finish of a horse-race. In John's reign, *running* horses are frequently mentioned in the register of royal expenditure. John was a renowned sportsman—he needed a redeeming quality—but it does not appear that he made use of his *running* horses otherwise than in the sports of the field. Edward II., III., and IV., were likewise breeders of horses, as also Henry VIII., who imported some from the East; but the *running* horses of those days are not to be associated with the turf; at least we have reason to believe the term generally applies to light and speedy animals, used in *racing* perhaps occasionally, but chiefly in other active pursuits, and in contradistinction to the war-horse, then required to be most powerful, to carry a man cased in armor, and never weighing less than twenty stone. In fact, the invention of gunpowder did much towards refining the native breed of the English horse; and we begin to recognize the symptoms of a scientific turf in many of the satirical writings of the days of Elizabeth. Take for instance Bishop Hall's lines in 1597:—

"Dost thou prize
Thy brute-beasts' worth by their dams' qualities?
Sayst thou thy colt shall prove a swift-paced steed,
Only because a jennet did him breed?
Or, sayst thou this same horse shall win the prize,
Because his dam was swiftest Tranchefice?"

It is quite evident, indeed, that racing was in considerable vogue during this reign, although it does not appear to have been much patronized by the queen, otherwise it would, we may be sure, have formed a part of the pastimes at Kenilworth. The famous George Earl of Cumberland was one of the *victims* of the turf in those early days.

In the reign of James I., private matches between gentlemen, *then their own jockeys*, became very common in England; and the first *public* race meetings appear at Garterley, in Yorkshire, Croydon, in Surrey, and Theobalds, on Enfield Chase, the prize being a golden bell. The art of training also may now be said to have commenced; strict attention was paid to the food and exercise of the horses, but the effect of *weight* was not taken into consideration, ten stone being generally, we have reason to believe, both the maximum and minimum of what the horse carried. James patronized racing; he gave £500—a vast price in those days—for an Arabian, which, according to the Duke of Newcastle, was of little value, having been beaten easily by our native horses. Prince Henry had a strong attachment to racing as well as hunting, but he was cut off at an early age. Charles I. was well inclined towards such sports, and excelled in horsemanship, but the distractions of his reign prevented his following these peaceful pastimes. According to Boucher, however, in his Survey of the Town of Stamford, the first *valuable* public prize was run for at that place in Charles I.'s time, viz., a silver and gilt cup and cover, of the estimated value of eight pounds, provided by the care of the aldermen for the time being; and Sir Edward Harwood laments the scarcity of *able* horses in the kingdom, "not more than two thousand being to be found equal to the like number of French horses;" for which he blames principally *racing*.* In 1640, races were held at Newmarket, also in Hyde Park, as appears from a comedy called the Merry Beggars, or Jovial Crew, 1641.—"Shall we make a fling to London, and see how the spring appears there in Spring Gardens, and in *Hyde Park, to see the races, horse and foot?*"

The wily Cromwell was not altogether indifferent to the breed of running horses, and with one of the stallions in his stud—Place's White Turk—do the oldest of our pedigrees end. He had also a famous brood-mare, called Coffinmare, from the circumstance of her being concealed in a vault during the search for his effects at the time of the Restoration. Mr. Place, stud-groom to Cromwell, was a conspicuous character of those days; and, according to tradition, the White Turk was his individual property. Charles II. was a great patron of the race-course. He frequently honored this pastime with his presence, and appointed races to be run in Datchet Mead, as also at Newmarket, where his horses were entered in his own name, and where he rebuilt the decayed palace of his grandfather, James I. He also visited other places at which races were instituted—Buford Downs, in particular—(since known as Bibury race-course, so often frequented by George IV. when Regent)—as witness the Doggrel of old Baskerville:—

"Next, for the glory of the place,
Here has been rode many a race.
King Charles the Second I saw here;
But I've forgotten in what year.
The Duke of Monmouth here also
Made his horse to sweat and blow," &c.

At this time it appears that prizes run for became more valuable than they formerly had been. Amongst them were bowls, and various other pieces of plate, usually estimated at the value of one hundred guineas; and from the inscriptions on these trophies of victory, much interesting information might be obtained. This facetious monarch was likewise a breeder of race-horses, having imported mares from Barbary, and other parts, selected by his Master of the Horse, sent abroad for the purpose, and called Royal Mares—appearing as such in the stud book to this day. One of these mares was the dam of Dodsworth, bred by the king, and said to be the earliest race-horse we have on record, whose pedigree can be properly authenticated.

James II. was a horseman, but was not long enough among his people to enable them to judge of his sentiments and inclinations respecting the pleasures of the turf. When he retired to France, however, he devoted himself to hunting, and had several first-rate English horses always in his stud. William III. and his queen were also patrons of racing; not only continuing the bounty of their predecessors, but adding several plates to the former donations. Queen Anne's consort, Prince George of Denmark, kept a fine stud, and the Curwen Bay Barb, and the celebrated Darley Arabian, appeared in this reign. The Queen also added several plates. George I. was no racer, but he discontinued silver plate as

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* Some time after this the Duke of Buckingham's Helmsley Turk, and the Morocco Barb, were brought to England, and greatly improved the native breed.

prizes, and instituted the *King's Plates*, as they have been since termed, being one hundred guineas, paid in cash. George II. cared as little for racing as his father, but to encourage the breed of horses, as well as to suppress low gambling, he made some good regulations for the suppression of pony races, and running for any sum under £50. In his reign the Godolphin Arabian appeared, the founder of our best blood—the property of the then Earl of Godolphin.* George III., though not much a lover of the turf, gave it some encouragement as a national pastime; in the fourth year of his reign, however, Eclipse was foaled, and *from that period may English racing be dated!*

George IV. outstripped all his royal predecessors on the turf, in the ardor of his pursuit of it, and the magnificence of his racing establishment. Indeed, the epithet "delighting in horses,"—applied by Pindar to Hiero,—might be applied to him, for no man could have been fonder of them than he was, and his judgment in every thing relating to them was considered excellent. He was the breeder of several first-rate race-horses, amongst which was Whiskey, the sire of Eleanor, the only winner of the Derby and Oaks great stakes, &c. &c.† Our present gracious monarch—bred upon another element—has no taste for this sport; but continued it for a short time after his brother's death to run out his engagements, and also with a view of not throwing a damp over a pastime of such high interest to his subjects. It was at one time given out that his Majesty had consented to keep his horses in training, *provided he did not lose more than £4000 per annum by them*, but such has not been the case. A royal stud, however, still exists at Hampton Court,‡ and the following celebrated horses, and mares are now there,—namely, an Arab, given to George IV., by (*cheu!*) *the late* Sir John Malcolm; the Colonel, Waterloo, Tranby, and Ranter, as stallions; Maria, Posthuma, Fleur-de-Lis, besides several other mares, some with foals to his own horses, and some to Sultan, Æmilius, Camel, Priam, and others, the best horses of the day. If we may judge from the last two sales of the yearlings—eighteen bringing within a trifle of £4000—his Majesty may find breeding not a losing game; and it is worthy of remark, that in his stud, a regard is paid to what is termed stout blood. For example, Waterloo is out of a Trumpator, the Colonel a Delpini, Tranby§ an Orville, and Ranter a Beningbrough mare. Some amusing anecdotes are on record touching the rather incongruous association of our sailor-king with the turf, one of which we will venture to repeat. Previously to the first appearance of the Royal stud in the name of William IV., the trainer had an audience of his Majesty, and humbly requested to be informed what horses it was the Royal pleasure should be sent down? "Send the whole *squad*," said the King; "*some* of them, I suppose, will win."§

Previously to 1753, there were only two meetings in the year at Newmarket¶ for the purpose of running horses, one in the spring, and another in October. At present there are seven, distinguished by the following terms:—The Craven, in compliment to the late Earl Craven, commencing on Easter Monday, and instituted in 1771. The First Spring, on the Monday fortnight following; the Second Spring a fortnight after that, and instituted 1753. The July, commonly early in that month, instituted 1753. The First October, on the first Monday in that month; the Second October, on the Monday fortnight following, instituted 1762; and the Third October, or Houghton, a fortnight afterwards, instituted 1770. With the last-mentioned meeting, which, weather permitting, generally lasts a week, and at which there is a great deal of racing, the sports of the turf close for the year, with the exception of Tarporley, a very old hunt-meeting in Cheshire, now nearly abandoned; and a Worcester autumn meeting, chiefly for hunters and horses of the farmers within the hunt.

At Newmarket, though there were formerly six and eight mile races, there are now not more than four over the Beacon Course, or B. C. as it is called, which is four miles, in all the seven meetings. This is an improvement, not only on the score of humanity, but as far as regards sport, for horses seldom come in near to each other, after having run that course. Indeed, so much is the system of a four-mile heat disliked, that, when it does occur, the horses often walk the first two. It, indeed, sometimes happens otherwise, as in the case of Chateau-Margaux** and Mortgage, in one of the meetings in 1826; but all who remember the struggle between those two noble animals—*the very best of their kind, perhaps never exceeded in stoutness*—and the state in which they appeared at the conclusion, can only think of it with disgust. Chateau's dead heat with Lamplighter was something like a repetition of the scene; but, to the honor of their owners, they were not suffered to run another, and the plate was divided between them.

The Currah of Kildare is said to be in some respects its equal, but nothing can be *superior* to Newmarket heath as a race-course. The nightly workings of the earth-worms keep it in that state of elasticity favorable to the action of the race-horse, and it is never known to be hard, although occasionally deep. But the great superiority of this ground consists in the *variety* of its courses, eighteen in number—adapted to every variety in age, weight, or qualifications of the horses, and hence of vast importance in match-making. Almost every race-horse has a marked peculiarity in his running. A stout horse ends his race to advantage up hill; a speedy jade down hill; another goes best over a flat, whilst there are a few that have no choice of ground—and *some* whom none will suit. The Newmarket judge's box being on wheels, it is moved from one winning post to another, as the races are fixed to end, which is the case nowhere but at Newmarket.††

The office of judge at Newmarket varies from that of others filling similar situations. He neither sees the jockeys weighed out or in, as the term is, neither is he required to take notice of them or their horses in the race. *He judges, and proclaims the winner by the color*—that of every jockey who rides being handed to him before starting. Indeed, the horses are seldom seen by him until the race begins, as they generally proceed from their stables to the saddling-house by a circuitous rout. The best possible regulations are adopted for the proper preservation of the ground during the running, and we know of nothing to be found fault with, unless it be the horsemen being allowed to follow the race-horses up the course, which injures the ground when it is wet. It is true, a very heavy iron roller is employed upon it every evening in the meetings, but this cannot always be effective.

The racing ground on the heath has been the property of the Jockey Club since the year 1753. A great advantage is gained here by giving the power of preventing obnoxious persons coming upon it during the meetings; and it would be well if that power were oftener exerted. Betting posts are placed on various parts of the heaths, at some one of which the sportsmen assemble immediately after each race, to make their bets on the one that is to follow. As not more than half an hour elapses between the events, the scene is of the most animated description, and a stranger would imagine that all the tongues of Babel were let loose again. No country under the heavens, however, produces such a scene as this, and he would feel a difficulty in reconciling the proceedings of those gentlemen of the betting-ring with the accounts he might read the next morning in the newspapers of the distressed state of England. "What do you bet on this race, my lord?" says a vulgar-looking man, on a shabby back, with "a shocking bad hat." "I want to back the field," says my lord. "*So do I*," says the *leg*. "I'll bet 500 to 200 you don't name the winner," cries my lord. "I'll take *six*," exclaims the leg. "I'll bet it you," roars my lord, "*I'll double it*," bellows the leg. "Done," shouts the peer. "*Treble it?*" "No." The bet is entered, and so much for *wanting to back the field*; but in love, war, and horse-racing, stratagem, we believe, is allowed. Scores of such scenes as this take place in those momentous half hours. All bets lost at Newmarket are paid the following morning in the town, and £50,000, or more, have been known to exchange hands in one day.

The principal feature in Newmarket is the New Rooms for the use of the noblemen and gentlemen of the Jockey Club, and others who are *members of the Rooms only*, situated in the centre of the town, and affording every convenience. Each member pays thirty guineas on his entrance, and six guineas annually, *if he attends*—otherwise nothing. The number at present is fifty-seven:—two black balls exclude.

On entering the town from the London side, the first object of attraction is the house lately occupied by the late Duke of Queensbury, but at present in a disgraceful state of decay. "Kingston house" is now used as a "hell," (sic transit gloria!); and the palace, the joint-work of so many royal architects, is partly occupied by a training groom, and partly by his Grace of Rutland, whose festivities at Cheveley, during the race meetings, have very wisely been abridged. The Earl of Chesterfield has a house just on entering the town, and the Marquis of Exeter a most convenient one with excellent stabling attached. The Duke of Richmond, Mr. Christopher Wilson, father of the turf, and several other eminent sportsmen, are also *domiciled* at Newmarket during the meetings. But the lion of the place *will be* the princely mansion now erecting for Mr. Crockford, of ultra-sporting notoriety. The *pleasaunce* of this *insula* consists of sixty acres, already inclosed by Mr. Crockford within a high stone wall. The houses of the Chifneys are also stylish things. That of Samuel, the renowned jockey, is upon a large scale, and very handsomely furnished—the Duke of Cleveland occupying apartments in it during the meetings. That of William Chifney, the trainer, is still larger, and when finished, will be perhaps, barring Crockford's, the best house in Newmarket. Near to the town is the stud farm of Lord Lowther, where Partisan, and a large number of brood mares are kept—the latter working daily on the farm, which is said to be advantageous to them. Within a few miles we have Lower Hare Park, the seat of Sir Mark Wood, with Upper Hare Park, General Grosvenor's, &c. &c. The stables of Newmarket are not altogether so good as we should expect to find them. Of the public ones, perhaps those of Robinson, Edwards, Stephenson, and Webb's (now Mr. Crockford's,) are the best.

That noble gift of Providence, the horse, has not been bestowed upon mankind without conditions. The first demand upon us is to treat him well; but, to avail ourselves of his full powers and capacity, we must take him out of the hands of nature, and place him in those of art; and no one can look into old works published on this subject, without being surprised with the change that has taken place in the system of training the race-horse. The "Gentleman's Recreation," published nearly a century and a half back, must draw a smile from the modern trainer, when he reads of the quackery to which the race-horse was then subject—a pint of good sack having been one of his daily doses. Again, the "British Sportsman," by one Squire Osbaldiston, of days long since gone by, gravely informs its readers that one month is necessary to prepare a horse for a race; but "if he be very fat or foul, or taken from grass," he *might* require two. This wiseacre has also his juleps and syrups—"enough to make a horse sick" indeed—finishing with the whites of eggs and wine, internally administered, and chafing the legs of his courser with train oil and brandy. On the other hand, if these worthies could be brought to life again, it would astonish *them* to hear, that twelve months are now considered requisite to bring a race-horse quite at the top of his mark to the post. The objects of the training-groom can only be accomplished by medicine, which purifies the system,—exercise, which increases muscular strength,—and food, which produces vigor beyond what nature imparts. To this is added the necessary operation of periodical sweating, to remove the superfluities of flesh and fat, which process is more or less necessary to all animals called upon to engage in corporeal exertions beyond their ordinary powers. With either a man or a horse, his skin is his complexion; and whether it be the prize-fighter who strips in the ring, or the race horse at the starting-post, that has been subjected to this treatment, a lustre of health is exhibited such as no other system can produce.

The most difficult points in the trainer's art have only been called into practice since the introduction of one, two, and three-year old stakes, never dreampt of in the days of Childers or Eclipse. Saving and excepting the treatment of doubtful legs, whatever else he has to do in his stable is comparatively trifling to the act of bringing *a young one* quite up to the mark, and *and keeping him there till he is wanted*. The cock was sacred to Æsculapius by reason of his well-known watchfulness, nor should the eye of a training groom be shut whilst he has an animal of this description under his care, for a change may take place in him in a night, which, like a frost over the blossoms, will blast all hopes of his success. The immense value, again, which a *very promising* colt now attains in the market adds greatly to the charge over him; and much credit is due to the trainer who brings him well through his engagements, whether he be a winner or not.

The treatment of the seasoned race-horse is comparatively easy and straightforward, with the exception of such as are very difficult to keep in place, by reason of constitutional peculiarities. Those which have been at work are thus treated, we mean when the season is concluded:—by indulgence in their exercise, they are suffered to gather flesh, or become "lusty," as the term is, to enable them the better to endure their physic; but, in addition to two hours' walking exercise, they must have a gentle gallop, to keep them quiet. If frost sets in, they are walked in a paddock upon litter, it being considered dangerous to take them at that time from home. When the weather is favorable, they commence a course of physic, consisting of three doses, at an interval of about eight days between each. A vast alteration has taken place in the strength of the doses given, and consequently, accidents from physic now more rarely occur. Eight drachms of Barbadoes aloes form the *largest* dose at present given to aged horses, with six and a half to four-year olds, six to three-year olds, five to two-year olds, and from three to four to yearlings. After physic—and after Christmas—they begin to do rather better work, and in about two months before their first engagement comes on, they commence their regular sweats—the distance generally four miles. After their last sweat, the jockeys who are to ride them generally give them a good gallop, by way of feeling their mouths and rousing them, for they are apt to become shifty, as it is termed, with the *boys*, who have not sufficient power over them. The act of sweating the race-horse is always a course of anxiety to his trainer, and particularly so on the eve of a great race, for which he may be a favorite. The great weight of clothes with which he is laden is always dangerous and often fatal to his legs, and there is generally a spy at hand to ascertain whether he pulls up sound or lame. Some nonsense has been written by the author of a late work, (Scott's Field Sports,) about omitting sweating in the process of training; but what would the Chifneys say to this? They are acknowledged pre-eminent in the art, but they are also acknowledged to be very severe with their horses in their work,—and, without sweating them in clothes, they would find it necessary to be much more so than they are. It is quite certain that horses cannot race without doing severe work—but the main point to be attended to is, *not to hurry them in their work*. As to resting them for many weeks at a time, as was formerly the case, that practice is now entirely exploded amongst all superior judges, and experience has proved, that not only the race-horse, but the hunter, is best for being kept going, the year round—at times, gently, of course. With each, as with man, idleness is the parent of misfortune.

Thucydides says of Themistocles, that he was a good guesser of the future by the past; but this will not do in racing; and not only prudence, but justice towards the public demands that a race-horse should be *tried* at different periods of his training. The first great point is obviously to ascertain the maximum speed, and the next to discover how that is affected by weight: but here there are difficulties against which no judgment can provide, and which, when the best intentions have been acted upon, have led to false conclusions. The horse may not be quite up to his mark on the day of trial—or the horse, or horses, with which he is tried, may not be so: the nature of the ground, and the manner of running it, may likewise not be suited to his capabilities or his action, and *the trial and his race may be very differently run*. Chifney, in his *Genius Genuine*, says, the race-horse Magpie was a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards a better horse some days than others, in the distance of two miles! Tiresias won the Derby for the Duke of Portland in a canter, to the ruin of many of the betting men, who thought his chance was gone from his previous trial with Snake, who beat him with much ease. It afterwards came out, that his being beaten at the trial had been owing to the incapacity of the boy who rode him—and he was a bad horse to ride: indeed, we remember his taking old Clift, his jockey, nearly into Epsom town before he could pull him up, after winning the race. We are compelled, however, to observe, that much deception in late years has been resorted to, by *false accounts* of trials, and thereby making horses favorites for the great stakes—as in the instances of Panic, Premier, Swap, the General, Prince Llewellyn, and others—some of whom were found to be as bad as they had been represented to be good. But the trial of trials took place many years back at Newmarket, in the time of George I. A match was made between the notorious Tregonwell Frampton and Sir W. Strickland, to run two horses over Newmarket for a considerable sum of money; and the betting was heavy between the north and south country sportsmen on the event. After Sir W. Strickland's horse had been a short time at Newmarket, Frampton's groom, with the knowledge of his master, endeavored to induce the baronet's groom to have a private trial, *at the weights and distance of the match*, and thus to make the race *safe*. Sir William's man had the honesty to inform his master of the proposal, when he ordered him to accept it, but to be sure to deceive the other by putting seven pounds more weight in the stuffing of his own saddle. *Frampton's groom had already done the same thing*, and in the trial, Merlin, Sir William's horse, beat his opponent about a length. "Now," said Frampton to his satellite, "my fortune is made, and so is yours; if our horse can run so near Merlin with seven pounds extra, what will he do in the race?" The betting became immense. The south-country turfites, who had been let into the secret by Frampton, told those from the north, that "they would bet them gold against Merlin while gold they had, and then they might sell their land." Both horses came well to the post, and of course the race came off like the trial.

The Jockey Club law is very strict as to trials at Newmarket, notice being obliged to be given to the keeper of the trial-book within one hour after the horses have been tried, enforced by a penalty of £10 for neglecting it; and any person detected watching a trial is also severely dealt with. Nethertheless, formerly, watching trials was a trade at Newmarket, nor is it quite done away with at the present day; though we have reason to believe that the bettor who should trust much to information obtained by such means would very soon break down. It often happens that the jockeys who ride trials know nothing of the result beyond the fact of *which horses run fastest*, as they are kept in ignorance of the weight they carry—a good load of shot being frequently concealed in the stuffing of their saddles.

But to return for a moment to the effect of weight on the race-horse. Perhaps an instance of the most minute observation of this effect is to be found in a race at Newcastle-under-Lyne, some years back, between four horses handicapped by the celebrated Dr. Bellyse; namely, Sir John Egerton's Astbury, 4 years old, 8 stone 6 pounds—Mr. Mytton's Handel, 4 years old, 7 stone 11 pounds—Sir William Wynne's Taragon, 4 years old, 8 stone—Sir Thomas Stanley's Cedric, 3 years old, 6 stone 13 pounds. The following was the result:—*Of the first three heats there was no winner*, Taragon and Handel being each time nose and nose; and, although Astbury is stated to have been third the first heat, yet he was so nearly on a level with the others, that there was a difficulty in placing him as such. After the second heat, Mr. Littleton, who was steward, requested the Doctor and two other gentlemen to look steadfastly at the horses, and try to decide in favor of one of them, but it was impossible to do so. In the *third dead heat*, Taragon and Handel had struggled with each other till they reeled about like drunken men, and could scarcely carry their riders to the scales. Astbury, who had laid by after the first heat, then came out and won; and it is generally believed the annals of the turf cannot produce such a contest as this. So much for a good handicap, formed on a thorough knowledge of the horses, their ages, and their public running.

Taking into consideration the immense sums of money run for by English race-horses, the persons that ride them form an important branch of society; and although the term "jockey" is often used in a metaphorical sense, in allusion to the unfair dealings of men, yet there ever have been, and now are, jockeys of high moral character, whom nothing would induce to do wrong. Independently of trustworthiness, their avocation requires a union of the following not every-day qualifications:—considerable bodily power in a very small compass; much personal intrepidity;—a kind of habitual insensibility to provocation, bordering upon apathy, which no efforts of an opponent—in a race—can get the better of; and an habitual check upon the tongue. Exclusive of the peril with which the actual race is attended, his profession lays a heavy tax on the constitution. The jockey must not only at times work hard, but, the hardest of all tasks—he must work upon an empty stomach. During his preparation for the race, he must have the abstinence of an Asiatic—indeed, it too often happens that at meals he can only be a spectator—we mean during the period of his wasting. To sum up all—he has to work hard, and deprive himself of every comfort, risking his neck into the bargain, and for what?—Why, for five guineas if he wins, and three if he loses a race. The famous Pratt, the jockey of the no less famous little Gimcrack, (of whom, man and horse, there is a fine portrait, by Stubbs,) rode eleven races over the Beacon Course in one day, making, with returning to the post on his back, a distance of eighty-eight miles in his saddle.

Of course we must go to Newmarket for the elite of this fraternity, and this reminds us that Francis Buckle is not there. He is in his grave; but he has left behind him not merely an example for all young jockeys to follow, but proof that honesty is the best policy, for he died in the esteem of all the racing world, and in the possession of a comfortable independence, acquired by his profession. What the Greek said of Fabricius might be said of him—that it would have been as difficult to have turned the sun from its course, as to have turned him from his duty; and having said this, we should like to say a little more of him. He was the son of a saddler, at Newmarket—no wonder he was so good on the saddle—and commenced in the late Honorable Richard Vernon's stables at a very early age. He rode the winners of five Derby, seven Oaks, and two St. Leger stakes, besides, to use his own words, "*most of the good things at Newmarket*," in his time; but it was in 1802 that he so greatly distinguished himself at Epsom by taking long odds, that he won both Derby and Oaks, on what were considered very unlikely horses to win either. His Derby horse was the Duke of Grafton's Tyrant, with seven to one against him, beating Mr. Wilson's Young Eclipse, considered the best horse of his year. Young Eclipse made the play, and was opposed by Sir Charles Bunbury's Orlando, who contested every inch of ground with him for the first mile. From Buckle's fine judgment of *pace*, he was convinced they must both stop; so following, and watching them with Tyrant, he came up and won, to the surprise of all who saw him, *with one of the worst horses that ever won a Derby*. The following year Young Eclipse beat Tyrant, giving him 4 lbs. Buckle, having made one of his two events safe, had then a *fancy* that Mr. Wastell's Scotia could win the Oaks if he were on her back, and he got permission to ride her. *She was beaten three times between Tattenham's corner and home*; but he got her up again in front, and won the race by a head. The Newmarket people declared they had never seen such a race before, snatched out of the fire, as it were, by fine riding. In another place (Lewes) he won an extraordinary race against a horse of the late Mr. Durand's, on which he had a considerable sum of money depending, thus winning his race, but losing his money. He rode Sancho for Mr. Mellish, in his great match with Pavillion, and was winning it when his horse broke down. He also won the Doncaster St. Leger with Sancho.

Buckle, as we have already said, commenced riding exercise at a very early age, but his first appearance in public was on a colt of Mr. Vernon's in 1783, when he rode one pound short of four stone, with his saddle. He soon entered the service of the late Earl Grosvenor, with whom he remained to his death. His weight was favorable, being seldom called upon to reduce himself, as he could ride seven stone eleven pounds with ease. He continued riding in public until past his sixty-fifth year, and his nerve was good even to the last, although, as might be expected, he was latterly shy of a crown, and generally cast an eye to the state of the legs and feet, when asked to ride a horse he did not know. His jockeying Green Mantle, however, for Lord Exeter, in the second October meeting, 1828, and winning with her, after the tricks she played with him before starting, showed that even then his courage was unshaken. But it is not only in public, but in private life, that Buckle stood well. He was a kind father and husband, and a good master, and his acts of charity were conspicuous for a person in his situation of life, who might be said to have gotten all he possessed, first by the sweat of his brow, and then at the risk of his life. In a short biographical sketch of him, his little peculiarities are noticed in rather an amusing style. "He was," says his biographer, "a great patron of the sock and buskin, and often bespoke plays for the night in country towns. He was a master of hounds, a breeder of greyhounds, fighting cocks, and bull-bogs (proh pudor!), and always celebrated for his hacks. In the language of the stud book, his first wife had no produce, but out of the second he had several children. We may suppose he chose her as he would a race horse, for she was not only very handsome, but very good." He left three sons, who are comfortably and respectably settled in life—one a solicitor, one a druggist, and the other a brewer. "Young Buckle" is his nephew, and considered a fair jockey, though he does not ride so often as his uncle was called upon to do. But Frank Buckles are scarce.

The present Samuel Chifney presents the *beau ideal* of a jockey* elegance of seat, perfection of hand, judgment of pace all united, and power in his saddle beyond any man of his weight that ever yet sat in one. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he is son of the late celebrated jockey of his name, by the daughter of a training groom, consequently well bred for his profession, to which he is a first-rate ornament. Such a rider as James Robinson may slip him, but no man can struggle with him at the end, and his efforts in the saddle, during the last few strides of his horse, are quite without example. They are, however, peculiarities in his riding. Excellent judge as he is of what his own horse and others are doing in a race, and in a crowded one too, he is averse to making running, sometimes even to a fault. Let whatever number of horses start, Chifney is almost certain to be among the last until towards the end of the race, when he creeps up to his brother jockeys in a manner peculiarly his own. But it is in the rush he makes at the finish that he is so pre eminent, exhibiting, as we said before, powers unexampled by any one. His riding his own horse, Zinganee,† for the Claret Stakes (Craven meeting, 1829), was a fine specimen of his style, when contending against Buckle and James Robinson, and winning to the astonishment of the field. In height, he is about five feet seven, rather tall for a jockey and not a good waster. In fact he is subject to much punishment to get to the Derby weight. Samuel does not ride often, but whenever he does, his horse rises in the market, as was the case with his father before him at one period of his life.

Some anecdotes are related of Chifney, confirming his great coolness in a race, and among others the following:—Observing a young jockey (a son of the celebrated Clift) making very much too free with his horse, he addressed him thus: "Where are you going, boy? Stay with me, and you'll be *second*." The boy drew back his horse, and a fine race ensued, but when it came to a struggle, we need not say who won it. Chifney's method of finishing his race is the general theme of admiration on the turf. "Suppose," says he, "a man had been carrying a stone, too heavy to be pleasant, in one hand, would he not find much ease by shifting it into the other? Thus, after a jockey has been riding over his horse's fore legs for a couple of miles, must it not be a great relief to him when he sits back in his saddle, and, as it were, divides the weight more equally? But caution is required," he adds, "to preserve a due equilibrium, so as not to disturb the action of a tired horse." Without doubt, this celebrated performer imbibed many excellent lessons from his father, but he is considered to be the more powerful jockey of the two.

James Robinson, also the son of a training groom, is a jockey of the highest celebrity, and, as far as the art of horsemanship extends, considered the *safest* rider of a race of the present day. He may owe much of this celebrity to his having, when a boy, had the advantage of being in the stables of Mr. Robson, the chief of the Newmarket trainers, and riding many of the trials of his extensive and prosperous studs. When we state that such a rider as Robinson is considered equal to the allowance of three pounds weight to his horse, we can account for his having been employed by the first sportsmen of the day. It is sup-

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* The reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and George I. and II., are remarkable in the annals of the turf, as having been the days of the noted Tregonwell Frampton, Esq., a gentleman of family and fortune in the West of England, Master of the Horse during all the above mentioned reigns; who had a house at Newmarket; was a heavy better, and, if not belied, a great rogue. The horrible charge against him, however, respecting his qualifying his horse, Dragon, for the race, by a violent outrage upon humanity, and alluded to by Dr. Hawksworth in the "Elysium of Beasts," is supposed to be unfounded.

† It is a little remarkable that Eleanor's success should only have been paralleled last year and the present. In 1835, Mr. Mostyn's Queen of Trumps, by Velocipede, won the Oaks and the St. Leger, and the present year Lord Jersey's Bay Middleton, by Sultan, won the Derby and beat Elis, (by Langar), the winner of the St. Leger, without a struggle.

‡ A visit to the Royal Stud at Hampton Court was given in the Spirit of the Times some time since, from the pen of Nimrod. At the last annual Stud Sale, Cols. HAMPTON and SINGLETON, of S. C., were the purchasers of six yearling fillies and a colt, all of which arrived recently at Charleston, in admirable order. Col. H. paid $1600 for his colt, which is by The Colonel, out of Posthuma, (the dam of Posthaste), by Whalebone. *Tranby*, mentioned in the text, has since been imported to this country; after covering near Baltimore, Md., a few seasons, he has been sent to Kentucky, where he stands next season, near Lexington, Ky. at the stable of P. E. TODHUNTER, Esq. *Priam* has been recently purchased on account of the Messrs. MERRITT & Co. of Va., at about $1000, and is expected to arrive this month; if so, he will stand at the stable of ROBT. C. WILLIAMSON, Esq., near Richmond, Va.

§ Tranby, it will be recollected, performed the hitherto unrivalled feat of carrying Mr Osbaldiston sixteen miles in 33 minutes and 25 seconds, in his wonderful match against time over Newmarket course October, 1831.

§ It is proper to remark, that the withdrawal of the royal stud was compensated, by additional King's Plates, and by his majesty's present to the Jockey Club of the splendid challenge-prize—*the Eclipse Foot*, now in Lord Chesterfield's keeping.

¶ Although other places claim precedence over Newmarket as the early scene of public horse-racing, it is nevertheless the metropolis of the turf, and the only place in this island where there are more than two race meetings in the year. It does not appear that races took place there previously to Charles II.'s time; but Rumon d'Ewes, in his Journal, speaks of a horse-race near Linton, Cambridgeshire, in the reign of James I. at which town most of the company slept on the night of the race.

** Chateau Margaux after covering in Virginia, (having been imported in 1834) has been sent to Alabama, where he stands next season, at the stable of Mr. George Gersham, Haynesville, Lownues Co., at $100.

†† Great improvements have from time to time been effected on Newmarket heath, but particularly within the last twenty years, by the exertions of the Duke of Portland and Lord Lowther. These have been chiefly accomplished by manuring, sheepfolding, and paring and burning, by which means a better sort of covering to the surface has been procured; and likewise by destroying the tracks of old roads, particularly on that part called the Flat, which is undoubtedly the best racing ground in the world.

* How much is it to be lamented, that we have no faithful representation of the Olympic jockies—of Philip on his brother to Bucephalus, or the king of Syracuse on Phrenicus! We are not to expect that they were dressed a la Chifney; but we could not see deformity on such classic ground. As suited to their occupation, nothing can be more neat—nothing more perfect—nothing more in keeping, than the present costume of the English jockey; but a century back it was deformity personified. "Your clothes," says the author of *The Gentleman's Recreation*, in his direction to his race-rider—for by the print annexed we must decline calling him jockey—"should be of colored silk, or of white Holland, as being very advantageous to the spectator. Your waistcoat and *drawers* (*sans culottes*, we presume) must be made close to your body, and on your head a little cap tied on. Let your boots be gartered up fast, and your spurs must be of good metal." The saddle that this living object—this "figure of fun"—was placed upon, also bade defiance to good jockeyship, being nearly a fac-simile of that upon a child's rocking-horse; and which, from the want of a proper flap, as well as from the forward position of the stirrup-leathers, gave no support to the knee.

† Zinganee has been imported within a few months into Virginia, in company with Skylark and Cetus. We are promised an early account of them for the Spirit of the Times.

posed that he has ridden the winners of more great races than any jockey of his time. In 1823, he won the Derby and the St. Leger, receiving £1000 from a Scotch gentleman (a great winner) as a reward for the latter; and in the following year he went a step beyond this. He won Derby, Oaks, and *was married* all in the same week, fulfilling, as some asserted, a prediction—according to other authorities, a bet. We may also notice his kindness towards his family, which we have reason to believe is most creditable to him. As a jockey, he is perfect.

William Clift is next entitled to notice, as one of the oldest, the steadiest, and best of the Newmarket jockies, and famed for riding trials, but he has taken leave of the saddle. William Arnull, who has ridden for most of the great sportsmen of the day, has long been in esteem at Newmarket, and considered particularly to excel in matches. He has been much afflicted with gout, but when well, is a fine rider, and steady and honest, as his father was before him. Being occasionally called upon to waste, he feels the inconvenience of his disorder, and the following anecdote is related of him. Meeting an itinerant piper towards the end of a long and painful walk,—"Well, old boy," said he, "I have heard that music cheers the weary soldier; why should it not enliven the wasting jockey? Come, play a tune, and walk before me to Newmarket." Perhaps he had been reading the Mourning Bride.

"A good name is as a precious ointment," and by uniform correct conduct in the saddle, as well as in the stable, John Day—a very celebrated jockey—has acquired that of "honest John." The endowments of nature are not always hereditary, and well for our hero that they are not, for he is the son of a man who weighed twenty stone, whereas he himself can ride seven! His winning the Newmarket Oatlands on Pastime, with nine stone six pounds on her back, is considered his *chef d'œuvre*. He resides at Stockbridge in Hampshire, where he has a large training establishment, and several race-horses of his own.—Samuel Day, his brother, is also a jockey of great ability, and a singularly elegant horseman, with remarkably fine temper. Wheatley is the son of an eminent jockey of that name, who rode for the celebrated O'Kelly, and contemporary with South and Pratt. He is a fine horseman, and esteemed a dangerous opponent in a race by reason of his tact in creeping up to his horses, when little thought on, and winning when least expected. He is likewise a severe punisher when punishment is wanted, an has a character free from taint. He has ridden Mameluke in some of his best races, and exhibited a rare specimen of his art in the ever-memorable contest between that fine race-horse and Zinganee, with Chifney on his back, for the Ascot cup, 1829. Ascot Heath never was honoured before by so many good horses,—and, alas! never again by the presence of George IV. George Dockery stands high on the list as a powerful and good horseman, with excellent nerve in a crowd; but he is a bad waster, and is much punished to bring himself to the three-year-old weights. Frank Boyce is very good, and esteemed an excellent starter, a great advantage in the short races of the present day. Richard, or Young Boyce, as he is called at Newmarket, a very pretty horseman, with a good head, has given up riding, owing to being too heavy. Conolly, who has been riding successfully for Lord Chesterfield and Verulam, is in high repute at Newmarket. He has a bad Irish seat, but he is very strong upon his horse, and his hand and head are good. Wright is also a steady good rider, and comes light to the scale. He has been very successful on Crutch. Natt is a very improving jockey, and is engaged by the Earl of Chesterfield. James Chapple, very good and very light, seven stone without wasting, rode the winner of Derby and Oaks this year. Arthur Pavis has the call for the light weights at Newmarket, worth 100*l.* per annum to him at least. He is in very high practice in public and private, and never being called upon to waste, is in great request, and perhaps rides more races in the year than any other jockey in England. As practice makes perfect, Pavis is approaching perfection, and will, no doubt, arrive at it in time. He has a very elegant seat, being cast in the mould for a jockey, and is very full of power for his size. Another of the clever light weights is Samuel Mann—the lightest man of all his Newmarket brethren, and of course very often employed. Macdonald, another Newmarket jockey, is a very superior horseman, whose skill is not confined to the turf. He is famed for riding and driving trotting matches, having ridden Driver against Rattler, and driven Mr. Paynes Rochester against Rattler in the disputed match.* He has capital nerve, and shines upon savage horses, which many would be unwilling to encounter. Darling, a very eminent country jockey, has lately been riding for Lord Exeter at Newmarket, where we hope he will be often employed, as he has been very true to his *clients*, Messrs. Houldsworth, Ormsby, Gore, and others.

The name of Goodison has long been associated with Newmarket, the late Richard Goodison having been so many years rider to the Duke of Queensberry, with whom the present jockey, Thomas Goodison, began, by winning the famous match on Pecker, against Bennington, in 1795, B. C., five hundred guineas a-side, then riding only 4st. 11lb., and six to four on him at starting. His father accompanied him on a thorough-bred horse during the latter part of the race, as he was riding against an experienced jockey, and perhaps his instructions enabled him to win. Thomas Goodison rode much for the late King, but his "first master," as the term is, was the Duke of York, for whom he won many great races, and particularly distinguished himself by winning the Claret Stakes with Moses (with whom he also won the Derby) in the Craven meeting of 1823, beating Morisco, Posthuma, and three other good ones, by *extreme judgment* in riding the race. He has ever been distinguished for his patience and decision, and the turf lost a first rate jockey when he retired.

There are more Edwardses at Newmarket than there were Cæsars at Rome, and they all ride, as it were, by instinct. James, or *Tiny* Edwards, as he is called—par excellence of course—is father of all the jockies that bear that name, and also of William, formerly a jockey, who trained for his late majesty, and has a pension and part of the palace and stables at Newmarket, as his reward. James trains for the Earl of Jersey, and is considered first rate, and particularly so in his preparation for the Derby course. The cleverest of the Jockies is Harry, (the one eyed man, who lived with the late Earl Fitzwilliam,) a very elegant horseman; and our Caledonian friends will not forget his winning the King's Plate on Terror. George is likewise very good, as are Charles and Edward, young ones, not forgetting Frederick, little better than a child, but with the seat of an old man. When his late majesty saw his own horses mixed with Lord Jersey's at Ascot, and the answer to every question of "Who is that?" was "Edwards,"—"Bless me," exclaimed the king, what lots of jockies that woman breeds!" It happens, however, that they are the produce of three different marriages, so the glories come, as Garter would say, from the *Baron*, not the *Femme*. We are sorry to say Samuel Barnard has lost his eye-sight. He was a steady, good jockey, and rode for the Duke of Rutland, Lord Henry Fitzroy, and several of the best sportsmen on Newmarket heath. But we must not conclude without mentioning old Forth, as he is called, who won the Derby in 1829, at the age of sixty, with a horse very little thought of before starting. He also won a very large sum of money on the event, and has now a string of horses in training.

It is said of the Yorkshire jockies that they should come to Newmarket for a seat. It is true they do not appear to such advantage in the saddle as their brethren of the South, nor, speaking generally, are they equal to them in their calling; but many very excellent jockies have always been to be found in the North. At the head of those now alive is the noted Billy Pierse, who used to ride Haphazard for the Duke of Cleveland. Having feathered his nest well, he has retired, but is remarkable for the hospitality of his house, situated in the town of Richmond. Robert Johnson is likewise one of the oldest, best, and we may add, most successful of the Northern jockies, having ridden Dr. Syntax throughout his glorious career, and been four times winner of the St. Leger Stakes; but John Jackson eclipsed him, having experienced that honor no less than as often again—a circumstance unparalleled among jockies; and he very nearly won it the ninth time, on Blacklock. Johnson trained and rode Gallopade for Mr. Riddell, the winner of the Doncaster Cup last year. John Shepherd, an old jockey, is still alive, keeping a public-house at Malton. Shepherd was supposed to be the best judge of pace in a four mile race of any man of his time. We are sorry to hear that John Mangle, another eminent Yorkshire jockey, is blind. He won the St. Leger five times—three in succession—for the Duke of Hamilton, and in all four times for his Grace. Ben Smith has retired, rich; but the renowned John Singleton, one of the riders of Eclipse, and the first winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, 1776, for the late Lord Rockingham, died a pauper in Chester workhouse.

George Nelson is a very conspicuous man among the Northern jockies, and the more so, as having been thought worthy of being transplanted to the South to ride for his late majesty, in the room of the second best jockey at Newmarket, viz. Robinson. Nelson was brought up by the late Earl of Scarboro, in whose opinion he stood high, and his lordship confirmed it by a pension. He won the St. Leger for the Earl on Tarrare, a very unexpected event. He was likewise very successful in his exertion for his late majesty, from whom he also had his reward; but his great performances were upon Lottery, Fleur de Lis, and Minna, having *never* been beaten on the first two, and winning no less than eight times in one year on the latter. He first distinguished himself in a race at York, when riding only 5st. 4lbs. Tommy Lye, as he is called, is a very celebrated Northern jockey, a good winner for the Duke of Cleveland and others, and rides very light and very well. Templeman, the Duke of Leeds' rider, and Thomas Nicholson, also stand high. But the Chifney of the North is William Scott, and perhaps for hand, seat, and science in a race, he is very little inferior to any one. He rode St. Giles, the winner of last year's Derby, for Mr. Ridsdale, and won the Leger for Mr. Watt, once (on Memnon), and for Mr. Petre twice, viz. with the Colonel and Rowton. A very excellent print of the latter horse and himself has been published by Ackerman, from a painting by Herring. But such men as Scott, Chifney and Robinson, generally appear to advantage—they are in great request, and consequently are put on the best horses in the race, and have the best chance to distinguish themselves. William Scott is possessed of considerable property (part in right of his wife), and is brother to the well-known Yorkshire trainer of his name.

Every trade, profession, or pursuit, opens, in its own peculiar circle of habits, a distinct subject of study; and perhaps the existence of the Newmarket stable-boy, a thing on which the majority of our readers have never spent a thought, might, as painted by Holcroft, interest them more than the most accurate delineation of many higher modes and aspects of life. In that able writer's memoirs—the genuine and really valuable part of them—all this is capitally described, from his first arrival at Newmarket to his final departure, at the age of sixteen; from his fall off Mr. Woodcock's iron-grey filly, in his novitiate, to his being one of the best exercise riding boys in the town—until all his equestrian hopes were ruined by "idling away his time in reading," as he was emphatically told by his master; by his spelling a word of six syllables, to the surprise of his drunken schoolmaster; by his being detected in studying Arnold's Psalmody, under the guidance of the journeyman leather-breeches maker; and lastly, in casting up figures on the stable-doors with a nail, from which the other boys, and the old housekeeper to boot, augured his very soon running mad.

Although to use his own words, Holcroft scarcely saw a biped at Newmarket in whom he could find anything to admire, and despised his companions for the grossness of all their ideas, he had no reason to complain of his treatment by the several masters whom he served, and especially by Mr. Woodcock.

"He discovered a little too late, that the dark-grey filly and I could not be trusted safely together. But though he turned me away, he did not desert me. He recommended me to the service of a little deformed groom, remarkably long in the fork, I think by the name of Johnstone, who was esteemed an excellent rider, and had a string of no less than thirteen famous horses, the property of the Duke of Grafton, under his care. This was acknowledged to be a service of great repute; but the shrewd little groom soon discovered that I had all my trade to learn, and I was again dismissed."

After bewailing his misfortune of being out of place, and so far from home, *in forma pauperis*, he thus proceeds:—

"I know not where I got the information, nor how, but in the very height of my distress I heard that Mr. John Watson, training and riding-groom to Captain Vernon, a gentleman of acute notoriety on the turf, and in partnership with Lord March, now Duke of Queensberry, was in want of, but just then found it difficult to procure, a stable-boy. To make this pleasing intelligence more welcome, the general character of John Watson was, that, though he was one of the first grooms in Newmarket, he was remarkable for being good tempered; yet the manner in which he disciplined his boys, though mild, was effectual, and few were in better repute. One consequence of this, however, was, that if any lad was dismissed by John Watson, it was not easy for him to find a place.* With him Jack Clarke lived, the lad with whom I came from Nottingham; this was another fortunate circumstance, and contributed to inspire me with confidence. My present hopes were so strongly contrasted with my late fears, that they were indeed enviable. To speak for once in metaphor, I had been as one of those who walk in the shadow of the valley of death; an accidental beam of the sun broke forth, and I had a beatific view of heaven.

"It was no difficult matter to meet with John Watson; he was so attentive to stable-hours, that, except on extraordinary occasions, he was always to be found. Being first careful to make myself look as much like a stable-boy as I could, I came at the hour of four, (the summer hour for opening the afternoon stables, giving a slight feed of oats, and going out to evening exercise), and ventured to ask if I could see John Watson. The immediate answer was in the affirmative. John Watson came, looked at me with a serious but good-natured countenance, and accosted me with 'Well, my lad, what is your business? I suppose I can guess; you want a place?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Who have you lived with?' 'Mr. Woodcock, on the forest. One of your boys, Jack Clarke, brought me with him from Nottingham.' 'How came you to leave Mr. Woodcock?' 'I had a sad fall from an iron-grey filly, that almost killed me.' 'That's bad, indeed! and so you left him?' '*He turned me away, Sir!*' 'That's honest. I like your speaking the truth. So you are come from him to me?' At this question I cast my eyes down, and hesitated, then fearfully answered, 'No, Sir.'—'No! what, change masters twice in so short a time?' 'I can't help it, Sir, if I am turned away.' This last answer made him smile. 'Where are you now, then?' 'Mr. Johnstone gave me leave to stay with the boys a few days.' 'That's a good sign. I suppose you mean little Mr. Johnstone at the other end of the town?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Well, as you have been so short a time in the stables, I am not surprised he should turn you away; he would have every body about him as clever as himself; they must all know their business thoroughly; however, they must learn it somewhere. I will venture to give you a trial, but I must first inquire your character of my good friends Woodcock and Johnstone. Come to-morrow morning at nine, and you shall have an answer.' It may well be supposed I did not forget the appointment, and a fortunate one I found it, for I was accepted on trial, at four pounds or guineas a year, with the usual livery clothing."

It was in the service of John Watson that Holcroft became a horseman, and the exercise of his skill, in his contest with a certain strapping dun horse, is very amusingly told:—

"It was John Watson's general practice to exercise his horses over the flat, and up Bowbringe hill; but the rule was not invariable. One wintry day he ordered us up to the Bury hills. It mizzled a very sharp sleet; the wind became uncommonly cutting, and Dun, being remarkable for a tender skin, found the wind and sleet, which blew directly up his nostrils, so very painful, that it suddenly made him outrageous. He started from the rank in which he was walking, tried to unseat me, endeavored to set off full speed, and when he found he could not master me so as to get head, began to rear, snorting most violently, threw out behind, plunged, and used every mischievous exertion of which the muscular powers of a blood-horse are capable. I, who felt the uneasiness he suffered, before his violence began, being luckily prepared, sat firm, and as steady and upright as if this had been his usual exercise. John Watson was riding beside his horses, and a groom—I believe it was old Chesvers—broke out into an exclamation—'By G—d, John, that's a fine lad!' 'Aye, aye,' replied Watson, highly satisfied; 'you will find some time or other there are few in Newmarket that will match him.' It will not be amiss here to remark, that boys with straight legs, small calves, and knees that project but little, seldom become excellent riders. I, on the other hand, was somewhat bow-legged; I had then the custom of turning in my toes, and my knees were protuberant. I soon learned that the safe hold for sitting steady, was to keep the knee and the calf of the leg strongly pressed against the side of the animal that endeavors to unhorse you; and as little accidents afford frequent occasions to remind boys of this rule, it becomes so rooted in the memory of the intelligent, that their danger is comparatively trifling."

Of the comparative good and bad temper of race-horses, the dramatist thus speaks:—

"The majority of them are playful, but their gambols are dangerous to the timid and unskilful. They are all easily and suddenly alarmed, when anything they do not understand forcibly catches their attention; and they are then to be feared by the bad horseman, and carefully guarded against by the good. Very serious accidents have happened to the best. But, besides their general disposition to playfulness, there is a great propensity in them to become what the jockeys call vicious. Tom, the brother of Jack Clarke, after sweating a grey horse that belonged to Lord March, with whom he lived, while he was either scraping or dressing him, was seized by the animal by the shoulder, lifted from the ground, and carried two or three hundred yards before the horse loosened his hold. Old Forester, a horse that belonged to Captain Vernon, all the while I remained at Newmarket, was obliged to be kept apart, and to live at grass, where he was confined to a close paddock. Except Tom Watson, a younger brother of John, he would suffer no lad to come near him. If in his paddock, he would run furiously at the first person that approached, and if in the stable, would kick and assault every one within his reach. When I had been about a year and a half at Newmarket, Capt Vernon thought proper to match Forester against Elephant, a horse belonging to Sir Jennison Shafloe, whom, by-the-bye, I saw ride this famous match. It was a four mile heat over the straight course; and the abilities of Forester were such, that he passed the flat, ascended the hill, as far as the distance post, nose to nose with Elephant, so that John Watson, who rode him, began to conceive hopes. Between this and the chair, Elephant, in consequence of hard whipping, got some little way before him, while Forester exerted every possible power to recover at least his lost equality; till finding all his efforts ineffectual, he made one sudden spring, and caught elephant by the under jaw, which he griped so violently as to hold him back; nor was it without the utmost difficulty that he could be forced to quit his hold! Poor Forester, he lost, but he lost most honorably! Every experienced groom thought it a most extraordinary circumstance."

Of the stable discipline among the boys, Holcroft gives the following little specimen:—

"I remember to have been so punished once, with an ashen stick, for falling asleep in my horse's stall, that the blow, I concluded, was given by Tom Watson, as I thought no other boy in the stable could have made so large a wale; it reached from the knee to the instep, and was of a finger's breadth."

We conclude our extracts from this amusing history of a stable boy's progress, with something like a shot at the march of the present very refined times:—

"I ought to mention, that though I have spoken of *Mr.* Johnstone, and may do of more *Misters*, it is only because I have forgotten their Christian names; for, to the best of my recollection, when I was at Newmarket, it was the invariable practice to denominate each groom by his Christian and surname, unless any one happened to possess some peculiarities that marked him. I know not what appellations are given to grooms at Newmarket at the present day, but at the time I speak of, if any grooms had been called Misters, my master would have been among the number; and his appellation by everybody, except his own boys, who called him John, was John Watson."

We have reason to believe there are no "*Johns*" among the Newmarket trainers of these times, though we much doubt the benefit of the change to Mister, and all the appliances to boot. If we mistake not, Sir Charles Bunbury's training-groom wore livery to the last. At all events, Newmarket jockies and their Jennys were not then to be seen in an Opera box, which we find is no uncommon occurrence now. "A cow at the Opera" would have been considered equally in her element.

Those who have only seen race-horses on a race-course would be surprised to witness what diminutive urchins ride many of them in their training, and the perfect command they obtain over them. In the neighborhood of large racing establishments, the parents of poor children are glad to embrace an opportunity of putting them into the stables of a training groom; knowing that they are certain to be well fed and taken care of, with a fair chance of rising in the world. But the question that would suggest itself is,—How are the poor little fellows made equal to the task of riding so highly-spirited an animal as the race horse in a few weeks after they are put to the task? The fact is, that Tom or Jack is little more than a looker-on for the first month, or so. He makes the other lads' beds, and performs sundry odd jobs; but then he has his eyes open—if he shows no signs of opening them, he is rejected in a twinkling; and he sees the other boys in their saddles, and observes the confidence with which they appear in them. After a certain time he is placed upon his master's back, or a quiet pony, and becomes a spectator on the training-ground. So soon as he has the rudiments of hand and seat he is put on the quietest horse in the string—generally one that has been some time in training, and has been doing good work—who follows those that are before him, without attempting to swerve from the track, or to play any antic tricks. The head lad generally leads the gallop, being the best judge of pace, unless it be necessary to put him on some other horse which is difficult to ride, and not well calculated to lead. In that case he generally places himself second, so that he may instruct the boy before him; but all this takes place under the watchful eye of the trainer.

Order is the beauty and strength of society; and neither in school nor university is regularity of conduct more strictly enforced than in a training establishment. In fact, the soldier might as well absent himself from roll-call, or the sailor from his watch, as the stable-boy from the hour of stable. "Woe to him," says Holcroft, "who is absent from stable hours. In the morning, however, he is sure to be there; for, in most cases, the horse he looks after, reposes in the same chamber with himself. This is on a principle of prudence rather than economy. Horses in high condition are given to roll in the night, and get cast in their stalls, and here assistance is at hand: as, by the means of stirrup-leathers buckled together, they are extricated from their awkward situation by the joint efforts of the boys. We have been told that an interesting scene takes place on the wakening of the boys in the morning. The event is anxiously looked for by the horses, who, when they hear them awaken each other, neigh and denote their eagerness to be fed, which is the first step taken. The second is a proper arrangement of their beds, and then dressing and exercise. When they return home the horses are well dressed again; the boys break their fast; and Holcroft spoke from experience when he said, *Nothing can exceed the enjoyment of a stable-boy's breakfast.*

Considering the prodigious number of race-horses in training, and that each horse has its [illegible], it is astonishing that more accidents do not occur. As we have before observed, almost all race-horses are playful; and "horse play is rough." But we do not wonder at their becoming vicious. Highly bred as they are, hot in blood, and their tender and nearly hairless skins irritated by a coarse brush, and, after sweating, scraped with rather a sharp wood[illegible]ent, that, we repeat, is no wonder. Nevertheless, it seldom happens that [illegible] boys who look after them. Indeed, it is an interesting sight to witness a little a stable-boy approach, with perfect safety to himself, an animal that would perhaps be the death of the strongest man in the land who might be rash enough to place himself within his reach. To what shall we attribute this passive obedience of an animal of such vast power and proud spirit, to a diminutive member of the creation—an abortion of nature, indeed, as we might be almost induced to call him—whether to self-interest or to gratitude, to love or to fear, or to that unspeakable magic power which the Almighty has given to the eye and voice of even the child of man?

Precocity of intellect in a stunted frame, is the grand desideratum in a Newmarket nursery, where chubby cheeks, and the "fine boy for his age," would be reckoned deformities. There are some good specimens of the pigmy breed now at Newmarket; John Day, for instance, has produced a fac-simile of himself, cast in the right mould for the saddle, and who can ride about four stone. These feather-weights are absolutely necessary where two-year old colts are brought to the post, and they sometimes ride a winning race; though if *it comes to a struggle*, as the term is, they are almost certain to be defeated by the experienced jockey. But, speaking seriously, it is a great blessing to the rider of races to be of a diminutive size to prevent the hardship and inconvenience of wasting—a most severe tax on the constitution and temper. On this subject the following memorandum of some questions addressed by Sir John Sinclair to the late Mr. Sandiver, an eminent surgeon, long resident at Newmarket, and a pretty constant spectator of the races, with Mr. S.'s answers, may amuse our readers:—

"How long does the training of jockies generally continue? With those in high repute, from about three weeks before Easter to the end of October; but a week or ten days are quite sufficient for a rider to reduce himself from his natural weight to sometimes a stone and a half below it.—What food do they live on? For breakfast, a small piece of bread and butter, with tea in moderation. Dinner is taken very sparingly: a very small piece of pudding, and less meat; and when fish is to be obtained, neither one nor the other is allowed. Wine and water is the usual beverage, in the proportion of one pint to two of water. Tea in the afternoon, with little or no bread and butter, and no supper.—What exercise do they get, and what hours of rest? After breakfast, having sufficiently loaded themselves with clothes, that is, with five or six waistcoats, two coats, and as many pairs of breeches, a severe walk is taken, from ten to fifteen miles. After their return home, dry clothes are substituted for those that are wet with perspiration, and, if much fatigued, some of them lie down for an hour or so before their dinner; after which no severe exercise is taken, but the remaining part of the day is spent in a way most agreeable to themselves. They generally go to bed by nine o'clock, and continue there till six or seven next morning.—What medicine do they take? Some of them, who do not like excessive walking, have recourse to purgative medicines, glauber salts only.—Would Mr. Sandiver recommend a similar process to reduce corpulency in other persons? Mr. Sandiver would recommend a similar process to reduce corpulency in either sex, as the constitution does not appear to be injured by it; but he is apprehensive that hardly any person could be prevailed upon to submit to such severe discipline, who had not been inured to it from his youth. The only additional information that Mr Sandiver has the power to communicate is, that John Arnull, when rider to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, was desired to reduce himself as much as he possibly could, to enable him to ride a particular horse, in consequence of which he abstained from animal, and even from farinaceous food, for eight successive days, and the only substitute was now and then an apple. He was not injured by it. Dennis Fitzpatrick, a person continually employed as a rider, declares he is less fatigued, and has more strength to contend with a determined horse in a severe race, when moderately reduced, than when allowed to live as he pleased, although he never weighs more than nine stone, and has frequently reduced himself to seven."*

The present system of wasting varies from the one here described, and particularly as to the length of the walk, which appears to have been unnecessarily severe. The modern Newmarket jockey seldom exceeds four miles out, and then he has a house to stop at, in which there is a large fire, by which the perspiration is very much increased. Indeed, it sometimes becomes so excessive, that he may be seen scraping it off the uncovered parts of his person after the manner in which the race-horse is scraped, using a small horn for the purpose. After sitting awhile by the fire and drinking some diluted liquor, he walks back to Newmarket, swinging his arms as he proceeds, which increases the muscular action. Sufficiently cool to strip, his body is rubbed dry and fresh clothed, when, besides the reduction of his weight, the effect is visible on his skin, which has a remarkably transparent hue. In fact, he may be said to show condition after every sweat, till he looks as sleek as the horse he is going to ride. But the most mortifying attendant upon wasting is the rapid accumulation of flesh, immediately on a relaxation of the system, it having often happened that jockies, weighing not more than seven stone, have gained as many pounds in one day from merely obeying the common dictates of nature, committing no excess. *Non misere vivit qui parcè vivit*, is an acknowledged truism; but during the racing season, a jockey in high practice, who, as is the case with Chifney, Robinson, Dockeray, and Scott, is naturally above our light racing weights, is subject to no trifling mortification. Like the good Catholic, however, when Lent expires, he feels himself at liberty when the racing season is at an end; and on the last day of the Houghton meeting, Frank Buckle had always a *goose for supper!* his labours for the season being then concluded. But it will naturally be asked how these persons employ or amuse themselves during the dead months, of which there are five? At Newmarket, we believe, just as they did in Holcroft's time, in visiting their friends, coursing, and cock-fighting—the latter a favorite amusement—but with no species of gambling, beyond a few shillings on the event of a course or a battle. A few also take the diversion of hunting, or any other out-door amusement that keeps the body in play. Most of them have neat and well-furnished houses, and appear to enjoy the comforts of life.

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* Macdonald is still in force; having ridden or driven the three American trotting horses named in the text successfully. We hope the owner of *Confidence*, now in England, will select him when that trotting "nonpareil" makes his debut on the English turf.

* This is still the case at Newmarket. No trainer will take a boy that offers himself, until his late master has been consulted.

* Arnull died at the age of 62. Fitzpatrick at 42, from a cold taken in wasting.

There appears to be a "plentiful lack" of gallantry pervading certain quarters at present. A brother scribe complains that gentlemen are not allowed to carry *arms* in a ball room, though the ladies introduce with impunity, a *meal bag* full of those useful appendages. Another of the fraternity says that to attempt to reason, or to argue with a woman, is about as politic as to attempt to lay a rail road with snakes; while a third has the effrontery to aver, that a young lady in one of the large fashionable bonnets, when seen in a crowd, looks like a huge elephant flapping its ears. In some of the French cities a set of idlers amuse themselves by throwing sulphuric acid on the silk furbelows of the dandizettes; and, at St. Helena, any lady convicted of gossiping, tattling or slandering is liable to be whipped or ducked. We must conclude, with Burke, that the age of chivalry is past, else would a thousand potent quills be slit and nibbed to avenge the injuries of the fair.

Emigrant.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 24, 1836.

NEW YORK JOCKEY CLUB.

In pursuance of a notice published in the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES last Saturday, a meeting of the N. Y. J. Club convened at the Washington Hall on Thursday afternoon last, to receive a proposition from JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq., relative to a Division of Purses, and the transaction of other business. In the absence of COMMODORE RIDGELEY, the President of the Club, JOHN A. KING, Esq., was appointed President *pro tem.* The attendance was general, and we need not remark to those who have ever "touched knees under mahogany" with the members of this Club, that the utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed.

The causes which elicited the proposition for a *Division of Purses* having been detailed at length, it was resolved, after a prolonged and spirited discussion, that it be adopted, and take effect at the First Spring Meeting of the N. Y. J. C. for 1837. By the terms of this proposition, the winner of the first heat, (in 4 m. heats, purse $1100,) will receive $400, provided he is not subsequently distanced, and the 2d horse in the 1st heat will also receive $100. The winner of the 2d heat will receive $300, and the remaining $300 will be given to the winner of the 3d heat, it having been

Resolved, That a horse winning neither the 1st or 2d heat shall be ruled out. This rule, suggested by us last week, and which was adopted after a warm debate, made no part of Mr. S.'s proposition.

In no event will but three heats be run. When a dead heat is run, the proportion of the purse belonging to the winner of that heat is to be divided between the horses. Two horses only, the winners of 1st and 2d heats, can start for a 3d heat. If a single horse wins the 1st and 2d heats, he is entitled to the whole purse of $1100, deducting only $100, which is given to the 2d horse in the 1st heat, if he is not afterwards distanced. The purses for 2 and 3 mile heats are to be divided in the same proportion with those for 4 mile heats.

A resolution, having for its object the abrogation of the 51st Rule of the Club, relative to Trainers, Jockies, and Rubbers, was lost. However, the Rule was so modified, that no exceptions, we trust, will be taken to its provisions. We do not clearly see the necessity for it as it now stands, as it merely *expresses* the views entertained upon the subject by every gentleman upon the turf. The adoption of the Rule implies a necessity for it, and we can hardly believe that such a necessity exists. However, it was carried, after a spirited debate, therefore we have nothing to urge against it.

The Rules adopted at this meeting take effect at the First Spring Meeting of the Club for 1837, *and for that meeting only*. The Second Spring Meeting is controlled by the Proprietors, and the new regulations adopted by the Club, are to be viewed in the light of *experiments*, that may be abrogated or passed into laws after an impartial trial.

In our next paper we shall probably give the official report of the proceedings had at this meeting, the lateness of the hour preventing us from giving anything more than the crude and imperfect summary above.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

By the 1st of September next the doors of *seven* theatres will be thrown open to the citizens of New-York. In addition to the Park, Bowery, National, Franklin and Richmond Hill, we shall have CALDWELL'S new *Broadway* theatre, and the *Olympic* (or whatever it may be termed) of FLYNN & WILLARD, the present lessees of the National. COOKE'S new Amphitheatre, and the one which the Zoological Institute propose erecting, are not included in the list.

The large building in Broadway, known as Masonic Hall, with the adjoining lot, have been purchased at a low figure, ($65,000) for the site of a new theatre, under the immediate management of Mr. ABBOTT. Mr. Caldwell of New-Orleans is deeply interested in the success of the project.

FLYNN & WILLARD are said to have become the purchasers of the Heard property, on the corner of Broadway and Anthony-sts. A new and spacious theatre will be erected upon it by the expiration of the present lease of the National, which Mr. HACKETT proposes to manage on his own account. He gave (with Mr. Moran) $75,000 for the property, and has since refused a large advance for it from the committee of a Church in one of the lower wards.

The new Bowery theatre is fast progressing towards completion, and will probably be thrown open to the public on the 2d of Jan. Most of its former company are re-engaged.

Miss ELLEN TREE is playing nightly to about $1000. She is very deservedly a favorite with the Park audience, though lacking the beauty of Miss PHILLIPS and the genius of Miss KEMBLE. She plays with more spirit than the first-named lady, though seldom excited to the high wrought enthusiasm of the latter. Take her for all in all, in her peculiar range of characters, she is superior to any actress of the day. She has neither the voice nor physical power requisite for the successful personation of characters in the highest walks of tragedy, such as Lady Macbeth, Imogine, Queen Margaret, Constance, Belvidera, etc.; but the heroines of modern dramas find in her a most able and accomplished representative. Her Rosalind, her Rachel, (both in the Jewess and the Rent Day), Mrs. Haller, Marianna, *et id genus omne*, leave nothing to be desired.

Mdlle. AUGUSTA took her benefit on Wednesday. We were not in attendance but if the number of the audience was in accordance with her extraordinary merit, the house was crowded to the ceiling.

Master BURKE that was, Young Burke that is, makes his first appearance at the Park on Monday. W. H. JOHNSTON, the London comedian, is to play an engagement here forthwith.

CELESTE opened on Monday, at the National, in *La Bayadere*, after a very profitable engagement in Philadelphia. She soon leaves town for New Orleans, from whence she sails for France.

The ittle Franklin is doing a very capital business. The expenses are under $75 per night, and the receipts average $300. The nett profits of the Franklin have erected the new Bowery.

POWER is at the Tremont, Boston. Mrs. CHAPMAN, ditto.

A. A. ADAMS is playing still at Nashville, Tenn.

COOPER and daughter, Mrs. McLEAN, and Miss MEADOWS, are at Richmond, Va.

Miss CLIFTON opens at Washington on Monday next. The bachelors in Congress will throw aside their "impromptu maiden speeches," written and studied for the last six months, to perpetrate sonnets to Miss C., whose

——— "Beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear."

BURTON'S benefit at the Chesnut-street Theatre last week, was crowded from floor to ceiling. The Philadelphia Courier states that "at the fall of the curtain, the beneficiaire was universally called for, and on his appearance was greeted with three hearty cheers. He then, in his usually neat manner, returned his thanks for the patronage bestowed upon what he termed his *farewell* benefit; for, as he happily observed, it would be his own fault if he did not *fare well* after such a manifestation of popular favor."

JOHN R. SCOTT and the RAVELS are in Philadelphia.

The Italian Opera opened in New Orleans on *Sunday* evening, with *La Cenerentola*. PARSONS is starring at Russell's theatre, of which George Percy Farren, late of the Bowery in this city, is manager pro. tem.

Miss ELIZA RIDDLE and Mrs. SMITH are announced at Mobile. BALLS has left; the Mobile critics think he is hardly equal to "*Old Sol*" in the Three Singles.

EATON and Miss CUSHMAN are at Albany still.

MR. AND MRS. YATES—A COLLOQUY.

"Has Reeve arrived?" ask'd Yates, snug home in clover;
"Arriv'd, my love? he can't be half seas over."
"Not half seas over! phoo, my dear, you quiz,
He's half seas over whereeoe'er he is."

WOODS, FORRESTS, AND TREES.

"The Americans vow they will never receive Mr. and Mrs. Wood again. Forrest sails on the 1st of September for London, and appears at Drury Lane on the 1st of October."—*Extract from an American Letter.*

We've exchanged in our favor each Yankee must see,
They've sent us a *Forrest*, we sent but a *Tree*;
Tho' some say they, knowing the worth of their goods,
Think one *Forrest* of their's worth a pair of our *Woods*.

CELESTE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

This extraordinary actress has just completed one of the most profitable and brilliant engagements ever known in Philadelphia. She has cleared by the "Maid of Cashmere" alone, in that city, about $5000. On Saturday evening last her benefit was indeed a brilliant union of beauty and fashion. At the termination of her performances, an universal call was made for Celeste; when she was led forward by Mr. Maywood, and spoke the following lines:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Though often—very often—it has been my happiness to appear before you, yet never with so much pleasure as at the present moment.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—We have met to part—we have met but to say—Farewell. Soon the broad ocean will roll between us, yet will the remembrance of your kindness to me be like an eternal sunshine of the heart, which neither distance can close, nor time obliterate. But few years have passed away since, a youthful candidate for your favor, my happy fortune led me to this chosen land, where hospitality gives welcome to the stranger, and liberty admits him to the birthright of the free. I cannot—I need not repeat what has occurred since then. The girl has become a woman—home, love, and kindness have woven their silken ties around her heart, and though about to become a wanderer in other climes, her best affections linger here. Your favor—your approving smiles—have enabled me, at the early age of 25, to retire from the troubled scenes of public life, and, though about to visit Europe, it is not for the purpose of residing there.—No! my home is here! This is my country—the home of my heart!

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I take this occasion of returning thanks to my friend Mr. Maywood, for the kindness and politeness he has always extended towards me during my several engagements in Philadelphia. I beg to assure him of my highest consideration and respect. To my professional associates I am under many obligations. May prosperity and happiness constantly attend them, is the sincere wish of my heart.

"My kind friends,—Once more accept my parting thanks, and do not, I pray you, do not entirely forget one, who, while she lives, will ever remember with gratitude and pride her American friends. God bless you all."

This simple and touching address was received by the audience with the most deafening shouts.

From the N. Y. American.

WHAT IS HONOR?—The Star very gravely insists, after referring to the row which drove the English singer, Wood, from the boards of the Park, that "we owe it to the honor of this country, and the reputation and character of this city in particular, to take some steps by which this outrage on unoffending strangers may be in a measure palliated, and the most suitable manner would be to address a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Wood, to be signed, as it would be, by thousands of respectable citizens, regretting that any circumstances should have occurred, calculated to have inflicted any pain, or caused any embarrassment, during their sojourn here, with assurances, that if they are inclined to revisit our shores, they will find, in public opinion and the protection of the public authorities, a reception which will induce them cheerfully to forget the past. We owe this much to our own character as well as to the British nation, which even now are receiving with open arms many American actors of talent, who may venture on the London boards."

"The honor of this country, and the reputation and character of this city," dependent upon a "suitable address" to two foreign public singers!

We know no more fitting comment on, or striking illustration of, the absurdity of looking to the private opinions of playacters, or identifying them in any way with the character and reputation of our country, than are presented in the annexed statement from the Evening Journal of Tuesday, of a theatrical row in Albany.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

THEATRICAL ROW.—Our theatre was the scene of considerable excitement last evening. The difficulty grew out of a determination on the part of the friends of Daniel O'Connell, to put down Master Burke, whose father, while in England, had written a violent letter against that Reformer.

The house was tolerably well filled when the curtain rose. In the first scene of Romeo, Master Burke was kindly received. In the second, there were a few hisses. These, as the play progressed, increased in number and in noise, until, before the conclusion of the first act, all was confusion and uproar.

Master Burke then appeared in front of the stage, evidently desirous of addressing the audience, but was driven off by hisses and howling.

Mr. Blake, the manager, then appeared, and order was restored. He said—"It is evident that Master Burke has incurred the displeasure of a portion of the audience. He is utterly unconscious of having done wrong. May I inquire what is his offence?"

"He must disavow the sentiments of his father," said a person in the boxes.

"His father abused Daniel O'Connell," said another.

This increased the tumult, amid which Dr. Burke, who was in the front box, rose and attempted to speak; but his voice, though a loud one, could scarcely be raised above the din. We heard him, however, reiterate his charges against O'Connell, and denounce those who abused his boy as cowards and scoundrels.

This added fuel to the flame. "Turn out the old Tory"—"Clear out old Burke"—"He is a disgrace to his country," &c.

As Dr. Burke's presence was evidently one cause of the disorder, he was induced to withdraw, under an expectation that quiet would be restored. The curtain rose, and Romeo and Juliet appeared in the balcony scene; but they were again assailed with hisses and hootings, the discontents in the interim having augmented their numbers. The shouts came from the pit, boxes, and gallery. The play proceeded for some time in dumb show, when the curtain fell, and Mr. Blake came forward, and addressed the audience substantially as follows:—

"It would be affectation to pretend ignorance of the cause of this disorder. Dr. Burke, the father of this boy, while in England, wrote a letter which is offensive to a portion of the audience. Master Burke himself is innocent of that and every other offence. Indeed I may say, that to all the vices of manhood this boy is a stranger. Will you, then, visit the alleged misconduct of the father upon the innocent boy?"

"No," "no," "no," was the reply of three-fourths of the audience.

Mr. Blake then said that Master Burke was desirous of addressing the audience. This was resisted for some time, but order was finally restored, when he came forward and expressed his regret to find himself obnoxious to the citizens of Albany, where he had always been treated with so much kindness. He had never given intentional offence to that or any other audience.

Mr. John T. Maher, from the boxes, said, "Your father has abused O'Connell."

Mr. Peter C. Doyle called upon him to "disclaim the sentiments of his father."

Master Burke replied that he had taken no part in politics; that he had neither formed nor expressed any political opinions; that his mind had been occupied with other studies; that he was too young to meddle with politics; and that he ought not to be held accountable for the sentiments expressed by others.

With this many of the discontents seemed satisfied, but as others continued the noise, the play could not go on.

At this point the friends of Master Burke lost patience at what they deemed the injustice of his opponents, and went to work to clear the House. Here, for a short time things looked blue. A general fight seemed inevitable. The leading discontents were seized, dragged from the boxes, and out of the Theatre.

At this moment the discontents in the Pit attempted to scale the Boxes, but they were all forced back. Having ejected the leading discontents from the Theatre, order was restored, and the curtain went up. Master Burke on his re-appearance was received with six cheers and a deafening round of applause; after which all passed off quietly.

The cause of the affray was this: Mr. O'Connell wrote a letter in which he denounced the Americans in terms that we need not repeat. Dr. Burke, who was then in England, took up the cudgels for his adopted country, and denounced O'Connell in terms equally abusive.

For *this*, the friends of O'Connell attempted to drive Master Burke from the stage; and for *that* the friends of Master Burke drove his opponents from the Theatre. Neither party manifested any disposition to commit violence or destroy property.

The Manager and Master Burke, conducted throughout with great propriety. Dr. Burke under the circumstances should not have interfered.

So here we have the great *Agitator*, who keeps the British Isles in hot water, disturbing, through the instrumentality of some of his countrymen who do us the honor to prefer our country to their own, and are modest enough to think that they ought to give the law to the natives—the ancient repose of the quiet Dutch city of Albany.

"Fork up the Pewter, Gentlemen."

Subscribers in New England and the Western part of this State, to whom circulars were addressed from this office, requesting the payment of their accounts are informed that as no answers have been returned, (save in a very few instances), the copies of the Spirit of the Times addressed to them will be discontinued with the present number. They will materially oblige us by liquidating their small accounts, or otherwise we shall positively oblige them.

☞ A portion of the *paper* upon which our last week's edition was printed, was the color of a mulatto belle in a decline. There is little in the market, and that of an inferior quality, commands a high price. We hope to receive our Winter's stock next week; it is of a fine texture, and very white and firm.

Slips by the Express Mail.—Southern Daily papers exchanging with this journal, will oblige us by forwarding their slips regularly.

Our *Poetical* contributors are on the increase, but we have little room for their favors at any time, and none this week.

Eight packets are due, one of which was telegraphed as our paper went to press.

New Books for the Christmas Holydays.

JOHNSON, the American Cruikshanks, has issued his "*Scraps* for 1837," under the title of "*Phrenology*, exemplified and illustrated, with upwards of Forty Etchings. Johnson is so favorably known as a genuine disciple of Momus, that the mere announcement of his Scraps set the laughter-loving world agog as epicures and market-women bestir themselves in the Spring when "*Shads is come!*" Several notices of "Scraps for 1837" will be found in another column. As dear Fanny Kemble says, we "like them mainly."

The HARPERS have published the *Pilgrim's Progress* of old John Bunyan, in a style as unique as beautiful. Some may recollect their Robinson Crusoe of last year, which was far the prettiest book of the season. That has been the model of the present edition of the Pilgrim's Progress. The book is illustrated with 50 cuts, in the best style of Adams, from designs by Chapman, and others. But besides the cuts, the book is robed in a garb rich with all imaginable emblazonry; every art or trade employed in its production appears to be carried to the last grade of excellence. The work itself, with all its old renown and undoubted genius, thus appropriately produced, is the most proper Christmas token we have seen.

A smaller and more juvenile affair, though nearly equal in beauty, is *The Fancy Book*. This is from the same house, a very convenient article wherewith a crusty bachelor may atone for his twelvemonths' neglect of chubby-cheeked nephews, and rosy-lipped nieces. The lad or lassie that can resist the charms of this little book, has more philosophy than was wont to belong to bairns "when you and I were boys together."

We neglected last week to commend the edition of *Cicero's Select Orations*, edited by Prof. ANTHON, and published by the Harpers. The collection contains fewer orations than boys were made to study in our day to fit them "to enter college;" but the annotations are infinitely more valuable than all the *helps* then to be found by the lazy or curious student. In addition to the notes, we perceive a Historical, a Geographical, and a Legal index. The last two are most worthily placed, and every teacher should make his boys master them thoroughly in the course of their study of the orations. Both subjects are shamefully overlooked, or slovenly attended to, by young scholars, though a familiar acquaintance with both is indispensable to the right knowledge of classical literature. As to the Historical Index, we would rather the student should use the learned Editor's own edition of Lempriere. There is a sufficient interest in the subject to attract students to the more simple details of Lempriere, which cannot be said of the subjects of the other indexes. This edition is handsomely and substantially bound.

We also must apologize for omitting to remark upon the first volume of DAVIS'S "*Life of Aaron Burr.*" In the first volume the narrative just reaches, but does not enter the period of Col. Burr's life which is intensely interesting from its political importance. The military and domestic life of Burr forms the the subject of this volume. In either aspect the reader will be surprised with the details, by finding Col. Burr a better soldier, a better husband, and a better father than he anticipated. The correspondence so fully given with his wife and daughter is eminent for elegance, and taste, and the display of the domestic virtues. The letters are models for an epistolary style. The next volume is eagerly looked for by the public.

Shakspeare Hotel.—Mr. AMOS S. ALLEN, formerly of the Park Hotel, Boston, has recently opened this spacious new Hotel, on the site of Harmony Hall, and is likely to make it one of the most popular and profitable establishments in town. On Thanksgiving Day, the worthy host gave a regular old-fashioned Yankee dinner to his friends. May the prosperity of the host be in keeping with the dimensions of his house.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

A STRIKE IN *polished* SOCIETY.—The boot-blacks here have raised their price for polishing boots, from a *fip* to a *levy*. Boston Morning Post.

The two houses built by Price, the manager, and Cooper, the actor, in Broadway, New York, in their palmy days, have been sold at auction for $70,000.—*Ib.*

Lord and Lady King, (the daughter of Lord Byron,) will visit America soon, it is said. We should be happy to see them at our house.—*Ib.*

ALARMING TO MODERN BEAUXS.—The N. Y. Era says that high-heeled boots project the knees, diminish the calf, and destroy the symmetry of the leg.—*Ib.*

Some of the Southern papers think that Texas had better sell Santa Anna at auction, to pay for the expenses of the war.—*Ib.*

Snooks says that he can see ninety-six millions of miles—for he can see the sun—and that certainly is as far as 96,000,000 of miles.—*Ib.*

The Herald—the *poetical* Herald—compares love to physic in an apothecary's jar.—*Ib.*

The great match race between Miss Medley and Hickory John, for $10,000, was run on the Augusta, Ga., course on Tuesday. The sportsmen here are very anxious to learn the result—a little cash will change hands upon the occasion. There are some heavy private bets upon John even at this distance.—*Ib.*

The Post talks about slaps as though it had experience that way.

IMPORTANT FROM MAINE.—A paper called the Courier, printed at Bangor, says—"We are extremely dissatisfied with the opening of the business part of the Message." This will make a stir when it is seen in Washington.

"MILK FOR BABES—MEAT FOR MEN."—The Editor of the Northampton Courier came to Boston the other day, and was delighted with the little cakes and warm coffee he found at the taverns on the road.

Fruit is riz.—"My little man," said an elderly gentleman to a little fruit pedlar a few days since, "how do you sell your apples?"

"Two cents a piece, sir—have some?"

"Not at that price—you little extortioner—for I think that apples are a little too dear at two cents a piece."

"You do—do you? Well, dear as they are, they are a devilish sight cheaper than you'd make 'em for, you old miser, you." Alb. Microscope.

As a proof of the depreciation of landed property, it is averred, that a man "down east," gave another a dollar an acre to take a township the other day, and threw in two mountains, four rivers, six ponds, and ten swamps!!

A general dealer in Leesburgh, Va., advertises "ladies indefrizable flats and fidgets" for sale.

A bad thing put into the mouth will sometimes bring a good thing out of it.—An epicure, while eating oysters, swallowed one that was not fresh. "Zounds, waiter!" he ejaculated, making a wry face, "what sort of an oyster do you call this?" "A native, sir," replied the wielder of the knife. "A native! I call it a settler! so you need not open any more. What's to pay?"

Mr. Welsh, the Superintendant of the Albany Alms House, a few days since slaughtered a hog of his own fatting, that weighed 565 pounds, and sold for $56,50. This animal was fed by the crumbs which fell from the *poor* man's table, and, as appears by the above, managed to thrive most marvellously thereon. Emigrant.

The following "elegant extract" is taken from a letter received at the office of the Mississippi Democrat. Irving and Willis may now retire from the field—their occupation's gone:—

Dear Sir,—It's not in the power of my elocution to excogitate an epistle of sufficient efficacy—the intense frigidity of the circumambient atmosphere has congealed the placid aqueous fluid of the enormous river Mississippi—that with the most imminent and superlative reluctance, I am constrained to procrastinate my egress to the environs of your magnificent residence.

Bass, reading aloud from the Boston Post the great price ($1500) paid in Ohio for a Durham bull, asked—"What would they pay for an *Irish* bull, if they value an English one so highly? The Irish are admitted to be the best all over the world."

SLY JOKE.—"A Bachelor" tells a story in the Transcript of two young ladies—both courted—amiable and highly accomplished, offering to "swop" beaux, and the negociation being carried on for some time without even a suspicion of the conspiracy by the parties most interested in the exchange. The best of the joke is that one of the young ladies actually offered "boot" rather than not have the bargain closed.

PLAIN LADIES ATTEND.—A Mr. Ashby, in Salem, advertises for sale "3000 Plain Ladies' Fur Soles!" This reminds us of the merchant who advertised "Red Children's Stockings!"

A Puzzler.—A country woman was crossing the Ferry the other day, when she was asked by a fellow passenger her business in Edinburgh. She stated that her purpose was to find out a certain Frenchman who had won upon the affections of her daughter, of which proof had appeared in the shape of a chubby boy. The inquirer considerately recommended her to advise her daughter to fix on a different parentage if possible, as the Monseer had taken French leave and was off the country—to which the old dame after a little thought, replied, "Eh, I cannot do that, for ye ken that the bairn would put us a' out as it'll speak French."

Sporting Intelligence.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

Great Sale of Blood Stock.—We advertise for sale on our last page one of the most splendid stables of horses ever offered to the public, consisting of Stallions, Horses in Training, Brood mares, and Colts and Fillies, comprising the entire racing and breeding stud of Capt. R. F. Stockton, of N. J., who expresses a determination of retiring from the turf. Such an opportunity for selecting the most fashionable blood, either for breeding or the turf, has very rarely been presented. The whole were selected with great judgment by Capt. Stockton, without regard to cost, both at home and abroad, and will be sold at a bargain. The racing stock is of a high character, and would be a desirable acquisition to any stable, while the brood mares are second to none in the Union. Capt S. is so well known in the sporting world as one of the most successful turfmen of the day, as to render superfluous any encomium upon his stock—he only asks for it "a fair field and no favor."

Mr. Bathgate, the well-known breeder at West Farms, near this city, has disposed of his imp. horse *Barefoot*, for something under $4000, to go West.

Mr. Robt. L. Stevens, of this city, has recently purchased of Mr. J. H. Van Mater, of New Jersey, his ch. h. *Mortimer*, 4 yrs., by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Ogle's Oscar, and not Mr. Tomes' Eclipse and Alfred colt, as we were informed.

The Southern papers term the trainer of *John Bascomb* and *Hickory John* "the great Hammond!" If he would "put on a muzzle" on the eve of a heavy betting race, it would give both himself and friends a larger portion of "the spoils of victory." Hammond keeps no secrets. If he thinks his horse can win, he has no hesitancy in saying so, and his opponents are free to see his trials. However, H. possesses the entire confidence of his employers, and is undoubtedly one of the most skilful, as well as one of the most industrious and honest trainers in the country.

Capt. R. F. Stockton, of Princeton, N. J., has sold to Walter Livingston, Esq., of this city, his splendid horse *Trustee*, one of the best stallions ever sent out to this country. Trustee was foaled in 1829, and comes of a racing family on both sides, having been got by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker. He has not only been a distinguished racer himself, but is own brother to *Mundig*, the winner of the Derby in 1835.

To Owners of Stallions.—We shall publish as soon as possible an *Alphabetical List of Stallions for* 1837, and would apprise those whom it may concern, that if they will forward to us (free of postage) the necessary information, it shall be inserted in the Table gratis. They should send the annexed particulars:—The horse's name, color, age, sire, dam, place of standing, terms, *and the winners of his get*, or the most promising of his stock. The list will be neatly arranged in a tabular form, so that the reader may see at a glance the pedigree, terms, &c., of every horse of any reputation in the United States. Detailed advertisements of Stallions will be inserted on our usual terms, which will be seen on our last page. Those gentlemen who have already advertised their Stallions, or who may hereafter do so in the Spirit of the Times, for the season of 1837, are informed that no further particulars will be expected from them; we will take it upon ourselves to supply every necessary fact, if anything farther is requisite.

The owner of imp. *Daghee*, (by Muley, out of Fatima, by Arabian Sheik,) who stood on Long Island last season, we hear has refused $3500 for him. He is owned by Edw. C. Mayo, Esq., of Elizabethtown, N. J.

Imported *Valentine*, the sire of *Bonny Black*, *African*, and other good ones, Mr. Van Mater informs us, will stand next season on Long Island. He is now on his way from Kentucky for that purpose.

We hear Col. Wynn has refused $0,000 (we are afraid to name it,) for his beautiful filly *Martha Washington*, 3 yrs., by Sir Charles, out of Isabella.

Tranby, the splendid imported horse, so well known throughout the sporting world as having been ridden twelve miles by Mr. Osbaldiston in his unprecedented match against time, will make his two next seasons, of 1837-8, in Kentucky, under the direction of the Hon. John White, Rep. to Congress from that State. He is now at the stable of Parker E. Todhunter, Esq., nine miles south of Lexington, where he will continue next season. Persons at a distance can communicate with Mr. White at Washington, during the session of Congress, and at Richmond, Ky., after its adjournment. Tranby has stood at Glen-Ellen farm, near Baltimore, Md., the seat of Robt. Gilmor, jr., Esq., for two seasons, and with great success. His colts are said to be remarkably fine; they will come upon the turf next season, and we have heard that among his get are a great number that are likely to turn out clippers. They generally have plenty of substance, with fine action, and beautiful racing forms. Tranby will be an immense acquisition to the blood stock of Kentucky, and Mr. White deserves well of his constituents for the interest he has taken in its improvement.

We learn from a correspondent that great sport is expected at the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss., from the annexed bill of fare:—

A Proprietor's Purse of $500 will be run for over the above course on Friday, the 2d of Dec. next, 3 mile heats, free for any horse, mare, or gelding, agreeable to rule, and under the direction of the Club.

Saturday, 3d December, will come off a sweepstakes for two year olds, mile heats. Subscription $500, forfeit $250. Colts 70 lbs., fillies 67 lbs.

F. L. Claiborne names b. f. by Wild Bill, out of Sally Nailor, Energy's dam.

J. B. Prior names s. f. by Leviathan, out of sister to Remus, Chuckforhila's dam.

W. J. Minor names br. f. Britannia, (imported,) by Muley, out of Nancy, Longwaist's dam.

Foot Race for $3000 *a-side*, $1000 *ft.*—We learn from an Augusta (Ga.) correspondent, that on the 17th inst. was to come off a foot race over the Lafayette Course, at 4 o'clock on that day, between

Mr. Henry Perritt, of Jones Co., Ga. } for $3000 a-side, $1000 ft.
Mr. Thomas Day, of Kentucky. }

The distance was to be 50 yards. Mr. Perritt was incontinently "sent into *another* world before his time" by the Southern newspapers, who announced his death by the overturning of a mail-coach a few weeks since, between Cheraw and Camden, S. C. We are glad to hear he still "flutters," and will back him to the amount of his subscription to the Spirit of the Times that he beats Day by a toe-nail! Don't all speak at once!

The winner of the colts sweepstakes at the St. Mathews (S. C.) races, by Bertand, Jr., out of the dam of Little Venus, has been sold for $2000. The 2d colt in the race was also by Bertrand Jr. A full report has not been sent us of these races.

A postcript to the last letter from "N. of Arkansas" informed us that this favorite contributor to our columns was "not first-rate well." He has been representing "the boys" in the halls of the legislature of Arkansas lately, and the way some of his political opponents must have cavorted at a speech of his, reported in one of the Little Rock papers, was undoubtedly a sight and a sin to bear's meat. We trust soon to hear of his complete recovery to health, and to welcome his appearance in our columns.

Sale of Blood Stock.—We learn from a correct source, that W. B. Meares, and A. Henderson, Esqrs., of North Carolina, have become each one-third interested in Mr. McGehee's celebrated brood mare, *Fantail*, at $2,000 for whole, $666 66⅔ for a third. She is upwards of fourteen years old. Messrs. Meares and West purchased her last filly, by Tonson, four months old, at the figure of $1500. 'Thus we go in the old North State,' says our informant.

Turf Register for December.

Racing Extra.—A very pleasant affair occurred a few days since at Mr. Kendall's race Course, near this city. Camsidel, Mary McHenry, and the fine Charles filly, Mary Granville, were let out of their stables to take a morning's airing, when they all immediately took to the track, and without waiting for rider or tap of drum started for a race at full speed. For a mile and a half, they kept the track as beautifully as if they had been ridden, and each seemed to do her best to win, when Camsidel and Mary McHenry gave up the race to the Charles filly. Another instance to prove that horse racing is not so *cruel* a sport as many persons suppose, but on the contrary is one from which the horse himself derives enjoyment of a high order. It is the same with all sports in which horses and dogs are used. In the chase the horse and the hounds enjoy the sport, and exhibit very clear indications of anxious expectation in the preparations for it. The same may be said of the pointer and setter in field sports. lb.

H. G. Cutler, of Newbern, N. C., proposes to run his horse *Craven* against *Sir Pitt*, two miles and repeat, over the Savannah Course, on the 24th December, for $500. The rules of the Newmarket Course to govern.

Henry (the competitor of Eclipse) is to stand in Hanover Co., Va., near Richmond, instead of Ky., next season.

New courses are fitting up, and clubs are organizing throughout the South and West. The last new course we have heard of is one that Messrs. I. H. Oliver and Wm. McCargo are establishing near Fredericksburg, Va., and which will be completed in season for the Spring campaign.

We regret to learn by the paragraph annexed, from the Petersburg (Va.) Constellation, of the recent illness of Col. Johnson, of Va. The perpetrator of the paragraph is a wag, and his "name is Haines;" we hope he wont be "off" his feet or feed while a star remains in his "constellation":—

W. R Johnson, Esq.—We met a few days ago a report travelling northward at a spanking pace, that the "Napoleon of the Turf" had run his last heat, having been beaten *a length* in a four mile match race for the *Purse of Life*, by that noted black horse *King of Terrors*. We have the best authority for saying, (and we promised to say it before,) that the report is "no go." The "Old Racer" and his grim competitor only tried their mettle in a *brush* of one mile out, in which the latter was fairly "distanced," and led off the turf to be put in training for another trial of speed some thirty or forty years hence.

Swimming.—Eight of the best swimmers of the Austrian garrison of Bregenz engaged, for a wager, to swim across Lake Constance, from that town in the Tyrol to Lindau, a distance of six miles. They started at ten o'clock, and at three minutes before three o'clock a private soldier, named Tutaja, reached the bridge at Lindau. In 32 minutes afterwards he was followed by Lieut. Cepharowitsch. The six others only went about half the distance, and then were taken into the boats that attended them. The wind was blowing from the west, and the temperature of the water was 15 degrees of Reamur, or 70¼ of Fahrenheit. This is perhaps the greatest distance ever traversed by swimming in fresh water. The two men who completed their task were perfectly blue when they landed; their pulse were scarcely perceptible, and several hours elapsed before their bodies resumed their natural heat.

Wolves.—A Montreal paper of the 29th ult., says: The ravages of the wolves in the township of Pittsburgh, near Kingston have been so alarming, that a general hunt to destroy them was to have taken place on on the 28th (yesterday). The inhabitants of Kingston and its neighborhood, were requested, by advertisement, to turn out en masse. The number of men necessary for that purpose is one thousand, and the line extends nearly ten miles.

Sport Extraordinary.—A gentleman attached to the Club on Miller's Island, brough down at one shot, on Tuesday last, *four* fine geese! and they *do* say, that *if* his foot hadn't slipped he'd killed five. After which he indulged in the following strain:—

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
I am lord of the *fowls* that I see,
From a *Canvass back* down to a *Coote*.

Choice of a Gun.—The barrels of a fowling-piece chosen for the purpose of grouse-shooting should be 32 inches long, 16 guage; a single barrel for grouse-shooting should be 36 inches long, and a 14 or 15 guage. If selected for partridge-shooting only, the barrels should be 30 inches, 16 guage; or a single barrel, 34 inches, 14 or 15 guage. If selected for cover-shooting only, the barrels should be 28 inches, 16 guage; or single barrels, 32 inches, 15 guage.

The Oakleigh Shooting.

Marvellously Marvellous.—The Barnstable Patriot, under the head of "☞ *Remarkable presence of mind*—Dodging a Ball!" informs us with considerable gravity, that while Mr. Ebenezer Eldridge was passing the Meadows in that village, a few days since, he heard the report of a gun, apparently but a short distance from him. The whistling of the ball *seemed to be* near him, when he *instantly stopped*, and the ball *passed directly over his head*, lodging in a fence a few feet from him. He extracted the ball and returned it to the party of young men who were firing at a mark, but who did not see him at the time of discharging the gun. "It is the first instance *we* know of," says the Editor, "where a man's presence of mind enabled him to *dodge a ball*, and thereby preserve his life."

The first and last instance probably. The ball had very certainly *passed* by Mr. Eldridge *before* he stopped to let it pass. The dodging was probably involuntary, and no doubt subsequent to the passage of the ball, which left the alarming *whizzing* in his ear, in partial revenge for not having touched his scalp. We have heard of dodging cannon balls on the battle field, when the were striking and bounding from the ground, nearly spent, and had become visible by their retarded progress; but he must have a keener eye, and much more sensible ear than a wild duck or a Seminole, to escape harm by dodging at the whizzing of a musket ball. He might as soon expect to escape a lightning bolt by dodging at the thunder.

Boston Transcript.

The Horse—An Incident.—It is remarkable that a horse will seldom tread upon a prostrate body in its path. Either from feelings of compassion (and even a horse is accessible to such feelings, though some men are not), or from fear, a horse will studiously avoid inflicting injury on one thus exposed, unless excited by the spirit of combat. In the latter case he becomes almost resistless. All his energies are bent on destruction, and he tramples down opposing squadrons as he would the grass beneath his feet. These reflections are drawn from us by an incident which occurred on Tuesday afternoon, almost within our sight. As the Germantown stage, drawn by four horses, was passing along Third Street, above Willow, a small child endeavored to cross the street in advance of the leaders, apparently without observing the dangerous proximity of the latter. One of the leading horses appeared to appreciate the situation of the infant, and made every effort to avoid coming in contact with it. He swerved from the direct line as far as he could, and endeavored to pass it, but being brought up by the rein, was forced against, and prostrated the child. The instant the latter fell, he stopped as if to allow it to escape; but being driven forward by the hinder horses and the impetus of the vehicle, he reared himself on his hind legs, and with one bound cleared the body. In doing this, either from design or accident, he threw the child, with hind foot, out of the track, so that when the heavy carriage passed on it did not run over it. This may be instinct, but it looks to us marvellously like reason and feeling.

Pennsylvania Sentinel.

Anecdote of an English Sailor.—The following is narrated in Captain Brenton's Naval History:—A British sailor who had both his legs shot off while the Minerva lay under the fire of the battery at Cherbourg, in 1803, was carried to the cockpit. Waiting for his turn to be dressed, he heard the cheers of the crew on deck, and eagerly demanded what they meant. Being told that the ship was off the shoal, and would soon be clear of the forts—"Then d—n the legs!" exclaimed the poor fellow, and, taking his knife from his pocket, he cut the remaining muscles which attached them to him, and joined in the cheers with the rest of his comrades. When the ship was taken, he was placed in the boat to be conveyed to the hospital; but, determined not to outlive the loss of liberty, he slacked his tourniquets, and bled to death.

COLUMBUS (Miss.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

From our Special Correspondent.

First Day, Tuesday, Nov. 1, 1836.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds.—Did not fill.

Second Day.—Purse $200. Ent. $20. Two mile heats.

Robt. Smith's gr. h. *Daniel O'Connell*, by Sir Richard, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	2	1	1
John B. Jones's b. h. *Choctaw*, by Stockholder, out of Miss Paine, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	1	2	2

Time, 4:8—4:34—4:28. Track heavy.

Third Day.—Purse $150. Ent. $25. Three mile heats.

John B. Jones's b. f *Hortense*, by Pacific, dam by Wonder, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	1		
Robt. Smith's b. c. *Brandywine*, by Constitution, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	dis.		

Time, 6:18. Track still heavy.

Fourth Day.—Purse $200. Ent. $15. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Eli Abbott's b. f. *Zelina*, by imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs. 83 lbs	2	1	1
Walker Thurston's b. h. *Pilgrim*, by Bertrand, dam by Double-head, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	1	2	dr.
Robt. Smith's gr. c. *Wade Hampton*, by Sir Richard, dam by Benediction, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	3	dis.	

Time, 1:59—1:58.

Fifth Day.—Purse $100. Ent. $15 each, added. Mile heats.

Robt. Smith's b. f. by imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol, by Napoleon, 2 yrs. 67 lbs	1	1	
John B. Jones's b. h. *Choctaw*, by Stockholder, out of Miss Paine, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	2	2	

Time, 1:58—1:59.

Errors Corrected in the Pedigrees of Gen. Forman's *Stock.*

Sir,—You have mistaken some of the names in the pedigrees sent you, for which I have to blame my own unsteady hand.

Dianna should be *Dianora*.
Pelago should be *Pelayo*.
Figaro should be *Figure*.

I would not that the above errors should creep into the contemplated Stud Book. Your obt. servant, T. M. FORMAN.

December 17th, 1836.

Editor's Correspondence.

TO THE FRIENDS OF RODOLPH AND BASCOMB.

Wythe Court-House, *Va.*, Dec. 11, 1836.

Dear Sir—A proposition has recently been made by the friends of *Rodolph*, to run him over the Lexington Course, in Kentucky, against *John Bascomb*, for $20,000 aside, with privilege to the friends of *Bascomb* to invite *Linnet* to come into the race and make a sweepstakes of it. From this it would seem that the friends of Rodolph are not only willing, but anxious to back him against the world. If this inference be correct, would it not be preferable to extend the invitation to the whole Union, fixing on some central Course, by which means the superior horse would be afforded the opportunity of beating Racing America *en masse*, instead of undergoing the trouble of doing it in detail.

Many aspirants for distinction have risen up during the last Fall in the North and East, viz.:—*Atalanta*, *Fanny Wyatt*, *Catharine Davis*, *Mingo*, *Enceiro*, &c., &c., a great portion, if not all of whom, would readily come into such a race if afforded an opportunity, and courtesy would seem to demand that all those named, if not others, should be afforded an opportunity of testing their claims to that superiority, which no doubt individually they think themselves entitled to.—Other nags, too, of the middle region might be tempted to enter, not perhaps with any expectation of success, but with a laudable wish of enrolling their names in the book of fame, by having—like Phæton, of heathen memory—perished in a great attempt.

Such a race would form a commencement, to what, in the present flourishing condition of the turf, ought to be established, viz., something like a NATIONAL SWEEPSTAKES, *to be run annually, open to all*, where the various claimants for pre-eminence throughout the Union might fairly and decisively settle their right to wear the saddle of Eclipse.

Should the foregoing views meet the approbation of the racing portion of the United States, then the undersigned *members of the Bowling-Green Jockey Club*, of Wythe Co., Va., invite the parties concerned to select their Course as the place of contest. They do this under a conviction, if not a certainty, that it is more central than any other, (as the geography of the country will shew), and if so, its local advantages are surpassed by no other in the Union. It is situated two miles from Wythe C. H., a village on the South-western border of Va. The track itself is fine; a sufficient number of stalls are fitted up within convenient distances, many of them under the superintendance of "Old Billy Alexander," a name not unknown to the racing world, which will be furnished gratis; the country is surpassed by none in health and abundance; and on the score of hospitality and good living, we hope to be able to give entire satisfaction to all, from the Napoleon of the turf, down to the rider of his horse.

It might be better to lessen the entry, as there is little doubt but that an entrance of $5000 would, from the number of subscribers, afford a purse of $50,000. The Fall of 1837, we would suggest as a day sufficiently early for the proposed race.

Benj. Rush Floyd,	Jno. P. Mathews,
Leonard Phelps,	H. S. Mathews,
Isaac J. Leftwich,	Robert Crockett,
Alex. S. Mathews,	Jacob Haller,
Andrew S. Fulton,	John A. Sanders,
Thomas Sanders,	Alexander Peirce,
J. R. Miller,	Wm. W. Hanson,
John Wirt,	John Foster.

Be pleased to publish the above, with a request to the editor of the Turf Register to do the same. I would have sent him an original copy for insertion, but it will be too late for his December number. J. F.

Note—We are pleased that our suggestion, (which was appended to the original challenge of *Rodolph*) has been endorsed by an Association of so high character as the Bowling-Green Jockey Club, though we fear some objection may be made to running the proposed race over their track. We expect to hear from *John Bascomb* immediately after the 1st of Jan., until which date his challenge is open to the world for $20,000. Nothing definite can be known until that time.

Petersburg, Va., Dec. 19. 1836.

Dear Sir—Please insert the following pedigrees in the Spirit of the Times:—

1. *Dewdrop*, by John Richards out of Sally Baxter, (Spirit of the Times, vol. vi., No. 43), bred by Gen. T. M. Forman, of Rose Hill, near Cecilton, Md., foaled in 1831, and in foal to Barefoot.

2. *Boletas*, a bay filly, (imported) foaled in 1832, bred by Mr. C. Day—got by Fungus out of Zelinda, by Rubens, her dam Zuleika by Gohanna out of Trinidada, by young Woodpecker, out of Platina by Mercury, Herod, Y. Hag, by Skim, Crab, Childers, &c. G. Stud Book, vol. iv., p. 353—356.

3. *Piccolina*, a bay filly, foaled in 1833, bred by Sir G. Heathcote, got by Partisan out of Espagnolle by Orville, her dam Banosa, by Varian, out of Nike, by Alexander—Nimble. Vol. iv. p. 106. Stinted to Count Pono. Died on the passage.

Yours, with respect, W. S. Stott.

Cetus, Diomed, Buzzard,--English Cracks,--Winners in England by Luzborough, Chateau, and Zinganee.--Am. Stud Book, &c.

Virginia, Dec. 17th, 1836.

Dear Sir,—It has been stated, upon authority believed to be true, that *Cetus* was sold to his owners, the importers, at a higher price than any horse has cost that has been introduced into this country. This has been questioned, by one who, however, regards the cost, in England, of our imported horses, as rather an unimportant consideration. Because it so happened that *Diomed*, the best colt of his year, winner of the Derby, &c., beating all competitors, until he had trained off, had become unfashionable, unable to compete with Sir Peter, John Bull, &c., in the Stud; and was sold for a hogshead of Tobacco, or so, (or the proceeds rather) and became the best stallion in the United States, superior to those imported at higher cost,—it does not follow that such an extraordinary event is likely to again occur. Since Diomed's importation, it has been shown that his Stock has reached the highest celebrity in England, numbering among its numerous descendants there, those of Sorcerer, Eleanor, Sir Oliver, &c.—embracing in the brilliant catalogue Comus, Phantom, Muley, Priam, and the Derby and Leger winners of the present year, Bay Middleton and Elis, &c. &c. The two cracks of England, Bay Middleton and Elis, *both* of which unite the blood of Diomed and Buzzard, are regarded as something extraordinary—nearly, if not quite, second Priams. Both Elis's sire and dam are collaterally descended from Diomed. It is a little singular that Bay Middleton should be descended from those two renowned contemporaries and competitors, Eleanor and Penelope, the two best race or brood mares of their or *any* day. Venison, third in the last Derby, has lately beat Mundig, last year's Derby winner, in such style, at Doncaster, as to cause the belief, "that a moderate three year old of the present year, is half a stone better than the best of the Derby horses of 1835."

Buzzard, that was imported at great cost, with the highest reputation in England, both upon the turf and in the stud, got only one first rate race horse in this country—*Hephestion*, out of Sir Archy's dam. But his blood is now telling in the second and third generations, in this country as well as in England. *Woodpecker*, the best horse of his day in Kentucky, was out of a Buzzard mare. *John Bascomb's* grandam was by Buzzard. *Clara Fisher's* dam by Hephestion, &c. The lineal descendants of Buzzard are decidedly at the head of the turf in England at this time. His grandson, *Sultan*, is the most renowned stallion. For many years he has covered at 50 guineas, and, as sire of Bay Middleton, will rank with the most renowned of any England has produced. *Langar*, not exactly brother in blood to Sultan, as sire to Elis, Felt, Zebetta, Jereed, &c., is likewise a popular stallion. He was got by Sultan's sire, Selim, (son of Imp. Buzzard), his dam by Walton, the own brother to Ditto, a Derby winner, and sire to Sultan's dam, and to Imp. *Luzborough*. But Langar's grandam (the dam of Sorcerer, Eleanor, and Priam's and Phantom's dams) was by Imp. Diomed—Giantess by Matchem, &c. Eleanor, Priam, and Phantom, won the Derby—the former the Oaks also. Buzzard is not only the lineal paternal ancestor of this year's Derby and St. Leger, but to the two first favorites of the next Derby, sons of Sultan and Langar, and the first for the St. Leger,—son of Pantaloon, by Castrel, son of Buzzard.

It is evident that much of the best English blood, and many of the best horses have been lately imported. It only behoves breeders to search for judicious

rosses, to examine closely the American Stud Book, (about to appear), so as to avoid spurious blood; and then use all due caution in rearing their colts, and ample remuneration may be expected from their care and experience.

Some examination into the English turf history may be necessary to ascertain which is the stout or *bottomed* blood best adapted to this country. The descendants from Prunella and Orville, especially the *Whalebone* family, have that character in England. The two first crosses of *Chateau Margaux* and *Cetus*, *Whalebone* and *Gohanna*, are highly approved; a near alliance too with Snap and Herod. Their crosses with Eclipse and Matchem gave superiority to the English race horse.

The get of some of our imported horses have been running with reputation this year in England, as Tyrant, 3 yrs. old, by *Luzborough*, frequently a winner; Hock and Madeira, by *Chateau Margaux*; Taishteer and Professor, by *Zinganee*, each of which has won twice or more during the year—heats and long distances.

The racing community seems not to set a fair value upon the importance of blood. Examination into the subject is only required. The contributors to your paper, Mr. Editor, are doing much service and setting a laudable example. Let it be followed up by all breeders and owners of thorough breds, in the way of Gen. FORMAN, and you will be able to furnish hereafter *a complete American Stud Book*. It is understood the compiler of that in the press, addressed circulars to distinguished breeders, many of whom did not even favor him with a reply. Without *their* aid, and for their own benefit too, what can be expected? His mite has been given, by INDEX.

REVIEW OF THE LATE AUGUSTA RACES.

AUGUSTA, Dec. 10th, 1836.

DEAR SIR—The races are over, and I am really almost fatigued with pleasure. So many good races have I seen and so many good bets have I made, that I feel as though I wanted some respite. The sports commenced on Tuesday last, (the 6th instant), with the long talked-of match between *Hickory John* and *Miss Medley*. The day was inauspicious, but the crowd of spectators immense. The odds for some weeks had been increasing on Hickory John, until they reached 3 to 1. But the day before the race they fell to even, from a report that he was lame. His backers, however, rallied on the morning of the race, until the odds became $1000 to $7000, and no takers. The amount staked on the issue must have been immense, for betting has been going on pretty lively all the Fall. The up country folks backing the mare, and the people here and the immediate friends of the horse taking all that was offered. As a consequence, the anxiety of the crowd of persons assembled on the track to witness the conflict, was very great. The candidates for fame made their appearance about 12 o'clock. They both looked well, but a close observer could perceive that Hickory John was tender in his left fore foot.

I cannot pretend to give you a detailed description of the race. Suffice it to say that the horse beat the mare with ease. There were some large bets upon time, and the track was measured by the parties, and also by the President of the Club. The four measured miles were done on the part of Hickory John in 7:55 and 7:57¼. The track was muddy and slippery from rain, and the horse was not put up. In the last heat he slipped and strained his hock, so that he closed the race on two legs. COL. CROWELL informs me to-day that he continues so lame in his hock that he doubts his being able to run again this campaign, if ever; his fore foot is getting well. I hope he will recover, for I would like to see him measure the ground with COL. SINGLETON'S *Pomona*. I think him another Bascomb. Should the injury be permanent, the loss to his owner will not be very serious, for he will make a splendid stallion, and from the purity of his blood will be worth as much in the harem as on the turf. His match against time will hardly be run, for the time is limited to the 1st of next month, and he cannot recover from his lameness and make the run in three weeks. From the run which he made on Tuesday, it is very evident that 7:52, on a dry track, could not have troubled him. As you may suppose, our friend HAMMOND is in great glee;—he has proved himself one of the best trainers in the country.

The Colt stakes, on Wednesday, were won easily by a beautiful bay colt, entered by the old veteran, Capt. HARRISON, called *Southerner*.

Thursday was the two-mile day. *Vertumnus*, *Sally Vandyke*, and *Long Measure* were entered. The latter was distanced the first heat, and you may guess that HAMMOND was raving mad. He had ordered the rider to lay up and let the other two fight it out; unfortunately he laid back twenty feet too far, and had to walk off to the stable. The contest between the other two was very severe indeed. It took three heats to decide the race, and the issue was doubtful to the last. I have seldom witnessed so close a contest.

Friday was the mile day, and the prize was contested for by the great *John Bascomb*. *Lady Morgan* went at him the first heat, *Kite* laying up. She tried to wear him out, but it was no go. In two miles he had her dead: she was drawn. The next heat Kite took up the cudgel, but it would not do; he could not make the old dog straighten his neck. It was a hollow thing.

Saturday closed the sports with the three mile race, between *Miss Medley*, *Clodhopper*, and *Turnbull*. The vanquished became the victor. She won the race easily, distancing Turnbull the 2d heat. She was backed at 2 to 1 against the field, and the betting was lively. Numbers took up a notion that she was not a race nag because Hickory John beat her so easily. They were deceived: she is a good 'un, though not able to run with Hickory John and Bascomb. There are but few such horses any where.

It is a little remarkable that the best of the get of Bertrand, John Richards and Medley, ran here this week, and were all winners, viz.: Bascomb, Hickory John, and Miss Medley. Another remarkable fact:—the favorite has won every day. The knowing ones have feathered their nests.

I shall be back here at the next meeting, which takes place towards the last of next month. You shall hear from me again. Yours, &c., O'KELLY.

VALUE OF BLOOD.

Mr. Editor—At your request other *indications* are given. The writer had apprehended they might not be worth their postage.

Miss Fanny Kemble appositely remarked, in her amusing work, that "Nothing that is not *thorough bred* does it *quite well*." Every one imbued with Turf lore must be wholly of that opinion. In its support there is no necessity to refer to the immortal *Prunella*, by which the Grafton family realized in her produce more than £100,000 stg., or to the no less famed brood mare *Gianless*. From them are descended those almost innumerable renowned mares, (many of them winners and getters of winners, of the Derby Oaks, St. Leger, &c.,) Whalebone, Whiskey, Woful, Waxy, Pope, Partisan, Eleanor, (winner of the Derby and Oaks) Sorcerer, Muley, Lapdog, Spaniel, Blucher, Longwaist, Moses, Memnon, The Colonel, Mameluke, Rowton, Chateau Margeaux, Cetus, Starch, Priam, Phantom, Soothsayer, Langar, Margrave, Luzborough, Glenartney, Bay Middleton, Elis, &c., &c., &c. We have only to refer to certain high bred mares in our land, as Tasker's Selima, the Maid of the Oaks, the dams of Sir Charles and Bertrand, Lady Lightfoot, Isabella, Ariel, &c.

Were the breeders of thorough breds in this country to cross the best imported horses with the well bred descendants from Diomed, Buzzard, and Messenger, especially with the Sir Archy and Eclipse stock, success may be expected to attend their efforts.

The best stock in the country, it is well known, is descended from Diomed, by his sons Sir Archy, Florizel, Duroc, &c. The Bertrands seem to have crossed well upon the Buzzards—as Woodpecker, the best horse of his day in Kentucky, his dam by Buzzard—the sire to John Bascomb's grandam. The best horses *now* in England are descended from a union of Diomed and Buzzard blood. Priam's was confined to Diomed's, but Bay Middleton and Elis, his successors in fame, combined both. From an imported Buzzard, in the lineal paternal line, are descended Selim, Rubens, Castrel, Sultan, Langar, Bourbon, Hampden, Bustard, &c., from which descended Fleur de Lis, Alderman, the Queen of Trumps, Bay Middleton, Elis, &c., all at the head of the Turf. The dams of Barefoot and Blucher, winners of the Leger and Derby, were by Buzzard.

In illustration of the value of the best blood in all its crosses, the pedigree of Bay Middleton, the most famed horse *now* on the Turf in England, is herewith annexed, shewing his distinguished connexions. Before he was foaled it was observed that his dam was "the best bred mare in England."

1833. b. c. *Bay Middleton*, bred by Lord Jersey, winner of the Derby, &c., was got by Sultan (second in the Derby—beat by half a head) out of Cobweb, winner of the Oaks, &c. (the dam also of Nell Gwynn and of the present Derby favorite)—she by Phantom (winner of the Derby, &c.) out of Fillagree (also a famed runner, and the dam of Riddlesworth and Tram—the best colt of his year, the favorite in the Derby, that he ought to have won, being second) of Trampoline, a famed runner, Glencoe's dam—she by Soothsayer (winner of the St. Leger and best colt of his year, excepting Phantom his rival in fame)—her dam the brood mare Web—(dam of Bay Middleton, winner of the Derby and of Glenartney, winner of the Riddlesworth, beating Mameluke, and second to him in the Derby, &c.)—she the own sister to Whalebone and Whiskey, Derby winners, and of Woful, sire to Oaks and Derby winners; got by Waxy, a Derby winner out of Penelope by the renowned Trumpator—(she the dam also of Waterloo, Wire, &c.)—her dam the renowned Prunella, by Highflyer (dam also of Waxy Pope, a Derby winner, and of the dams of Tiresias (a Derby winner) and Partisan, sire to Mameluke—she out of Promise by Snap (the dam of Pallas (Pill Box's dam) Prizefighter, Peppermint, &c.)—Julia by Blank—Spectator's dam by Partner—Bonny Lass by Bay Bolton (dam of Merry Lass, Merry Andrew, Paragon, &c.)—Darley Arabian—Byerly Turk—Taffolet Barb—Place's White Turk—Natural Barb Mare. The celebrity of these foreign horses, and of the *lineal paternal ancestry*, Bay Bolton, Partner, Blank, Snap, &c., down to Sultan, is too well known to require comment.

Elis, winner of the St. Leger, by Langar, brother in blood to Sultan, out of Olympia, nearly brother in blood to Olivetta, dam of imported Autocrat, for whose pedigree in full see Am. Turf Reg., vol. vi., is also very high bred.

Gladiator, second to Bay Middleton in the Derby, was got by Partisan, dam by Moses (winner of the Derby)—Selim (sire to Sultan and Langar)—Whiskey or Socerer—Coriander—Highflyer, &c.

Scroggins, second in the St. Leger, is own brother to imported St. Giles. A gentleman in Virginia owns a yearling filly related both to Elis and Fanny Wyatt, by imported Autocrat out of an Arab mare descended from Agnes.

INDEX.

VIRGINIA, Dec., 1836.

NATCHEZ ALL ALIVE.

Extract from a letter to the Editor, by a distinguished Mississippi Turfman, dated

NATCHEZ, Nov. 17, 1836.

Times *have* been remarkably dull here, but Kentucky and Tennessee are coming down guarded at every point, from 300 yards to four mile heats:—Col. ROBT. SMITH, of Tennessee, will be here in a few days with a heavy stock of Leviathans. I regret to say that I have just been credibly informed that the Colonel's colt, *John O'Hanlon*, by Sir Richard, run off with the rider on the road and killed himself against a tree and nearly killed the rider. The Col. thought him "a *Scripture case*."

When the races come on here I will report them to you *correctly*, although in a bungling way. You can make such alterations and embellishments as you please if they should be worthy of your notice.

You would be much pleased to see Mr. WM. J. MINOR'S *imported stock*. I saw his Muley filly this morning. She is a beautiful brown, and has very much the appearance of *Betsey Malone*, 15 hands one inch high, and feels firm. If I am not mistaken, she made as fast a brush as I have seen in 12 months by any two year old. She is to run in a sweepstakes the 3d Dec. next, mile heats, sub. $500, half forfeit, 4 subs. On Friday, 2d Dec., the day before, will be run the Proprietor's purse $500, entrance added, three mile heats. You shall hear the result of them. The race between *Hard Heart* and *Antelope*, for $3000 a side, is only two mile heats in lieu of four, 100 lbs. on each.

Jim Polk and *Antelope* run for $5000 aside, as an inside stake, the 3 mile day of the Jockey Club Races, in March, 1837.

I am, dear sir, yours respectfully, ***

BLOODED STOCK OF MISSISSIPPI.

WOODVILLE, Miss. Nov. 21, 1836.

Dear Sir—I had the gratification a few days since to receive your letter of the 17th Oct., and will endeavor to comply with your request in relation to the Blood Stock, &c., of this State, in the course of a few weeks; although I may remark on that head, that as most of our turfmen look to Tennessee, Alabama or Kentucky, for the major portion of their blooded colts, we have consequently but very few breeders amongst us. Indeed, so scarce are they, that we are obliged to depend upon the above mentioned States for our saddle horses. Nevertheless, we have a few men of large fortunes who have turned their attention to the breeding of fine stock, and I am in hopes that in the course of a short time we will be no longer dependant upon our neighbors for our "crack" nags and high formed brood mares.

One of our most successful sportsmen has already bred *Hard Heart*, whose extraordinary performances on the turf would have been creditable to any State or any breeder. The same gentleman also raised *Tachekana*, by Bertrand, dam by Whip, a superior race nag—also *Little Red*, by Mercury, which last unfortunately died when quite young, much to the regret of his high-minded, and I might add, "high bred" owner, as he was generally considered by those who had ever seen him, as a *leetle* better than any other colt "in *these parts*." But most of our best nags, as I have before remarked, such as *Longwaist*, *Betsey Malone*, *Red Maria*, *Scarlet*, *Linnet*, *Antelope*, *Cassandra*, *Jim Polk*, *Lauderdale*, *Betsey Rochleau*, &c., are brought from other States, and purchased by our turfmen at high prices. They have, in a few instances of my own knowledge, been most egregiously deceived, from the mere want of good brood mares and stallions to raise their own stock.

* * * * * * * * *

Very respectfully, my dear sir, you ob't. servant.

A SLANDER REFUTED.

FAIRFIELD, VA., 8th Dec., 1836.

SIR, I received a letter yesterday from my friend, D. W. HAXALL, Esq., of Woodville, Mississippi, informing me that a slanderous report, relative to my horse HUGO, by Sir Charles, dam Fair Forester, by imp. Chance (the dam of Polly Peachem, Elshender, Maid of Southampton, and Cimon)—Celia by Symmes's Wildair (the dam of Industry, just dead)—the noted Lady Bolingbrooke (the dam of Superior, Wrangler, Desdemona, Lavinia, and others) by imp. Pantaloon—Primrose by Dove—Stella by Othello—imp. Selima by the Godolphin Arabian, is in circulation in that State, which is, that he is not the horse who ran under that name in Virginia.

Mr. JOHN G. FREEMAN, who had charge of him the past Fall, and will stand him again the next season, says this report has done him much injury, and will continue to do so unless contradicted in a public manner.

I sent *Hugo* by Mr. D. W. HAXALL to Mississippi, in November 1835: he had the entire control of him, and informs me he placed him in the hands of Mr. JOHN G. FREEMAN, of East Feliciana, Louisiana, at whose house he now is, and will continue the next season. He is the horse mentioned in the Turf Register, as having beat Ironette and others at Broad Rock Spring Meeting, 1832. Row—Galley, at Lawrenceville, and others, same Spring; and was beat at Norfolk, by Andrew, same Spring.

May I take the liberty to request you to insert in your interesting and valuable paper, "the Spirit of the Times," this letter, as a contradiction to such a base and malicious falsehood. Very respectfully, RICHARD ADAMS.

Pedigree for the New American Stud Book.

MANDINGO JACK, a dark bay colt, foaled on the 8th day of May, 1834, the property of GEO. L. POINDEXTER, of Woodville, Mississippi. This fine two year old was got by Strabo, his dam by the Arabian horse Bagdad, his grandam by imported Royalist, his g. g. dam by Symmes's Wildair (the best son of imported Fearnought), his g. g. g. dam by Mark Anthony; his g. g. g. g. dam by imported Janus. Strabo was got by Stockholder, his dam (the dam of Daniel O'Connell) was by imp. Sir Harry, his grandam (the dam of Shylock and Cicero) was by imp. Diomed, &c. For his pedigree in full, vide American Turf Register, vol. v. *Mandingo Jack* is now about fifteen hands high, a beautiful bay, his right hind foot white and a star in his face, and in high racing form.

A Correspondent in Louisiana, from whom we shall be glad to hear frequently, writes to the following effect:—

On the 22d of December next, a Sweepstakes will be run over the St. Francisville (La.) Race Course, mile heats, three best in five; sub. $500 each. Closed with three subscribers, viz.:—

W. R. Barrow's s. f., 4 yrs., by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
A. Haralson's b. c. *Mexican*, 4 yrs., by Earle's Pacolet, dam by Sir Harry.
Dr. Ira Smith's b. c. *Arbaces*, 3 yrs., by Bertrand, dam by Rosscrution.

A WORD FROM A SOUTHERN TURFMAN.

Mr. Editor—A word as to your Turf terms. It was remarked by the Hon. JOHN RANDOLPH, that if a horse be *sired* he must be *dammed*. Neither name, sire nor dam, can be used as verbs and participles. In turf language, half brothers and sisters are understood to be the produce of the same dam, not to be got by the same horse, though in truth the relationship be the same. Brothers and sisters in blood are readily understood, though they may not be got by the same horse nor out of the same dam.

Mingo was "got by" or "was by" Eclipse—not out of Eclipse, a term often misapplied by Northern turfmen. "Out of" has reference to the dam. Mingo was out of Bay Bet by Rattler, Eclipse his sire. Or, by Eclipse, dam Bay Bet by Rattler—imp. Clitden, &c. The line supplies the passage "out of the mare by" imp. Cliften. "Brevity is" not only "the soul of wit," but is often more intelligible than much *verbiage*. CRITICUS.

Note.—As Madame Malaprop says, "Here's an aspersion on our parts of speech." "Northern Turfmen" have never *dammed* Mingo or said he was "out of Eclipse" to our knowledge. "Criticus," we presume, intended to hit us a sly rap over the knuckles, but we plead Not Guilty. "Let the galled jade wince; our withers are unwrung."

FROM A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, 16th Dec., 1836.

The awful conflagration of the immense pile occupied by the *General Post-Office Department*, the *City Post-Office*, and the *Patent Office*, is the theme of the day. The loss it is impossible to ascertain. The letters by the great Northern mail, and others ready for distribution, were all consumed; and patents, a loss to the arts, in themselves cost upwards of $200,000, many of which cannot be supplied; many valuable papers and accounts, besides the loss of the building, which can be scarce rebuilt under $50,000. That it was the act of an incendiary, who applied the torch to the combustible fuel in the cellar, there can scarce be a doubt. The watchman was awoke by the smoke—another Dogberry. What was the motive, or who the incendiary, is left for legislative as well as executive investigation. It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence, that the trial of the Whites', for the burning of the Treasury building, was to have come on the following day. It is said important documents, as evidence tending to criminate them, were expected by the Northern mail. Another motive has been suggested, the destruction of patents that would be important evidence in trials now pending for upwards of a million of dollars. The Opposition say there was "something rotten in Denmark," and it was necessary to destroy documents, now a second time, to prevent investigation by WISE'S committee. Wise, a second Randolph, has started from the score in opposition to Van Buren's administration—to the mode by which he has reached power—he of others giving him the *soubriquet*, "the Usurper."

The theatrical corps here are acting charmingly. Such a company is rarely met, even at Covent Garden or Drury Lane. All in it are good.—Rowbotham, Cline, Harrington, Cowell, Mrs. Rogers, and Miss Knight, are excellent in their parts. The Stars will be admirably sustained. Wallack or Power is shortly expected. The drama of Napoleon, for scenic effect, is wonderful. Rowbotham looks the Emperor.

I should add the American Hotel is now the General Post-Office.

THE AMERICAN STUD BOOK.

Among the losses sustained by the burning of the Post Office, may have been many letters addressed to Mr. STRATTON, yet absent from Washington, containing pedigrees for the *Am. Stud Book*. That work, undergoing the slow process of stereotyping, has not yet got through the Introduction and Racing Calendar.—If those who answered Mr. Stratton's circular, or who have yet to reply to it, or such as may have written to him at Washington since the Fall races, in relation to pedigrees, will send them to us, they shall be either inserted at once in the Spirit of the Times, with a view to their being copied into the American Stud Book, or shall be forwarded to the publishers if received in season. We particularly address ourselves to those to whom the written circular was sent. Subscriptions received at this office.

ALDERMAN PURDY, AND Mr. RANDOLPH.

In our remarks relative to Alderman Purdy, two weeks since, we forgot to state his age. He was in his 62d year when he died, and consequently was 49 when he rode Eclipse. The "Express" has the annexed article upon the subject of the race:—

Mr. Randolph in one of his greatest efforts in Congress and when he was digressing at every point, to attack or applaud some one who had provoked his censure or won his approbation, and was dealing out his biting sarcasms on the people of the North with a profusion unusual even to him, delivered an eulogium upon an individual lately deceased, to the following effect:

Mr. Speaker: I pass from the great men, "as they are pleased to call themselves," of the Northern tribes—and, digressing even further from the particular object of my speech, call the attention of the House to a man, who knows, in his vocation, no superior. He has not, sir, "split the ears of the groundlings" in this hall, a panorama of human life, or, in the theatre, the mock representative of man's follies and woman's weakness, drawn down the applause of the galleries, by "tearing a passion to pieces," as we see and hear every day, or rather night, in the play houses of this country. No, Sir. The man of whom I speak, was the last and only hope of the north in a struggle between it and the south, where pride and skill were at stake. I was opposed to him; I joined in the general wish of every true son of the South that his great knowledge of his vocation should fail him. But we were all doomed to sad disappointment. I believe we lost by the absence on the occasion of one of Virginia's best sons, who had a "rascally ague" at the time. I speak, sir, of Samuel Purdy, the rider of Eclipse! Had you witnessed the exultation of the South when Henry came out ahead, on the first heat of that memorable contest, you might form some idea of the consternation which prevailed in our ranks when it was announced that Samuel Purdy was to ride Eclipse the next heat. The breathless anxiety and silence with which we eyed him, as he threw his leg over the noble animal, were only broken by the murmuring applause with which the adverse party greeted his appearance. The skill of the Virginia rider was undoubted, but it required something more than human to compete successfully with Samuel Purdy. The horses went off from the score, and as all the world knows, Eclipse won. The renown of the performance of that day, will go down with the history of civilized society, and transmit the name of Samuel Purdy as the most skillful of jockeys to the latest posterity.

Mr. Randolph took prodigious interest in the Race; he was excited as almost every person present was, to an astonishing degree. By accident, we happened to stand within a few feet where stood the Hon. Rufus King and Mr. Randolph. When Sir Henry had beaten Eclipse in the 1st heat, and had come in ahead on both the first and second round of the second, it was a despairing moment, and all was breathless silence, even in a crowd where more than a hundred thousand persons were spectators, the slightest noise could be heard, and at this particular juncture the horses were hidden by a knoll, Mr. Randolph cried out in his shrill voice, to Gen. Winn, of Virginia, who stood in a better position, "Which horse is ahead now, Gen. Winn?" to which a reply was given, in a stentorian voice, "Mr. Randolph, Eclipse has passed Henry."—"Then," cried out Mr. R., "we have lost the race, by G—d." These emphatic words were heard by the multitude, and deafening shouts rent the air.

GREAT SALE OF DURHAM STOCK,

Imported by the *Ohio Company for Importing English Cattle*, in the years 1834, 1835, and 1836;—held at INDIAN CREEK FARM, the residence of Fens Renick, Esq., Agent of the said company, in Ross county, on the 20th day of October, 1836. The stock of the company was in fine condition and in great demand.

☞ Notwithstanding the high prices at which the Cattle was sold, some of them exchanged owners immediately, at very considerable advances; and for others, more than 50 per cent, off their cost was offered and refused.

Reformer, a bull, not sound, sold to John T. Webb, of Ross county, for $48
Matcheni, a bull, sold to Abraham Renick, of Kentucky, 1200 dollars.
Earl of Darlington, sold to Batteal Harrison, of Fayette county, for $710.
Young Waterloo, a bull, sold to R. D. Lilley, of Highland county, for $1250.
Duke of York, a bull, sold to R. R. Seymour, of Ross county, for $1120.
Experiment, a bull, sold to James M. Trimble, of Highland county, for $1150.
Comet Halley, a bull, sold to R. R. Seymour, of Ross county, for $1505.
Whitaker, a bull, sold to William A. Anderson, of Ross county, for $855.
Nimrod, a bull, sold to Elias Florence, of Pickaway county, for $1040
Duke of Norfolk, a bull, sold to Robert Stewart, of Ross county, for 1255 dollars. Afterwards sold at private sale to Gen. Vance and J. H. James, of Champaign county, for 1400 dollars.
Goldfinder, a bull, sold to Isaic Cunningham, of Kentucky, for 1095 dollars.
Duke of Leeds, sold to John Crouse, Jr. of Ross county, for 575 dollars.
Windham, a bull, sold to Charles Davis, of Ross county, for 500 dollars.
Columbus, a bull, (not sound) sold to Thomas Houston, of Pickaway county, for 180 dollars.
Davy Crockett, a bull, sold to Peter L. Ayres, of Ohio, 490 dollars.

Snowdrop, a bull, sold to Stewart and M'Niel, of Ross county, for $480
Independence, a bull, sold to Heglar and Pertesson, of Ross county for $400.
Perry, a bull, sold to William H. Creighton, of Madison county, for $400.
Goliah, a bull, sold to Isaac V. Cunningham, of Smoto connty, for $300.
Logan, a bull, sold to Elias Florence, of Pickaway county, for $750.
John Bull, a bull, sold to William Renick, jr. of Pickaway county, for $715.
Paragon, a bull, presented by the company to Felix Renick, Esq., their Agent.
Rantipole, a bull, sold to Arthur Watts, of Ross county, for $810.
Powhattan, a bull, sold to George Renickson, of Ross county, with Flora.
Gandy, cow, sold to James A Trimble, of Highland county, for $985.
Blossom, cow, sold to R. R. Seymour, of Ross county, for $1000.
Flora and her calf Powhattan, were sold to George Renick, sen., of Ross county, for $1205.
Lilly of the Valley of Tees, sold to Thomas Huston, Pickaway county, for $950.
Matilda, sold to Arthur Watts, of Ross county, for $1000.
Calypso, cow, sold to Strawder M'Neil, of Ross county, for $325.
Young Mary and her calf Pocahontas, were sold to Edwin J. Harness, of Ross county, for $1500.
Lady Blanch, (no proof of this cow being a breeder,) sold to Charles Davis, of Ross county, for $250.
Tees Water and her calf Cometess, sold to John I. Van Meter, of Pike county, for $2,225.
Duchess of Liverpool, sold to William M. Anderson of Ross county, for $570.
Lady Colling, (it is doubted whether this cow will ever be a breeder,) sold to John T. Webb of Ross county, for $205.
Beauty of the West, sold to Asahel Renick, of Pickaway county, for $900.
Lilac, sold to Elias Florence, of Pickaway county, for $425.
Lady of the Lake, sold to R. R. Seymour, of Ross county, for $775.
Lady Paley, sold to Alexander Renick, of Ross county, for $510,
Poppy, sold to Harness Renick, of Pickaway county, for $610.
Pink, sold to Wm. Trimble, of Highland county, for $575.
May Flower, sold to Batteal Harrison, of Fayette county, for $405.
Lucy. (pedigree doubtful) sold to George Radcliff, of Pickaway county, for $105.
Moss Rose, sold to Jonathan Renick, of Pickaway county, for $1200.
Celestina, sold to Thomas Huston, of Pickaway county, for $930.
Malina, sold to Isaac Cunningham, for $1065.
Illustrious, sold to Abraham Renick of Kentucky, for $775.
Lord Abernethy, sold to Thomas Huston, of Pickaway county, for $815.

ATTEST: J. L. TAYLOR, Secretary.
Of the Ohio Importing Company.

N. B. We understand that a number of the original members of 'The Ohio Company for Importing English Cattle,' have determined upon continuing the association, and that they have now for sale a few of each sex of their valuable stock, at the Indian Creek Farm, the residence of Felix Renick, Esq., near Chillicothe. Scioto Gazette.

Varieties.

"Genteely dressed" people behave very bad in Philadelphia—a woman of this class stole a silver cased watch the other day.

The wife of a British admiral now on a foreign station, was recently brought up before the London police and fined five shillings for getting drunk.

"'Tis from *high* life, *high* characters are drawn."

An autograph song of Burns, framed from a rafter of Alloway Kirk, is for sale at the Albion office, New-York.

Found.—A little shaver, two weeks old, was found in a bar room in Philadelphia on Friday evening last. We have much cause to regret the progress of intemperance when babes and sucklings frequent bar-rooms. Our anonymous population seems to be on the increase.

Forrest.—The London Observer says that Forrest has made $300,000 by his profession, and that he intends soon to retire from the stage, and *become a member of Congress!*

Henry Patterson has been running muck in the vicinity of the National Theatre. He had been for some time quite troublesome—catching hold of people, and in various ways molesting them. Constable Holden had threatened him a great many times; but it made no impression on the youth, who continued to amuse himself by those blameable pranks—until he even laid violent paw on the Constable himself. This was a little too much like 'skinning granny,' and he was accordingly walked up to the police, where he was sucked in, to the tune of $5 and costs.

Should not sell them then.—A man was taken up in Buffalo for selling naughty pictures and snuff boxes with paintings on the lids After the goods were destroyed by the police, he was held to bail in the sum of $750.

On Wednesday last commenced the trial of an action in favor of Saml. Thomson *vs.* Hosea Winchester, for unlawfully dealing in quack medicine The first witness introduced was John Quincy Adams, to whom plaintiff objected, upon the ground that his beliefs were not altogether sound. It was whispered at the bar, that this witness was not the *real Simon Pure* John Q.

JOHNSTON'S SCRAPS, No. 7.—*Individuality.*—Every body laughs at Johnston's sketches, and they are not to blame for it either, for they can't help it—even the Phrenologists shake their sides, and own that he has the best of the science.—Just look at this sketch now, illustrative of *individuality.* That fellow with his pantaloons out at the knees—his coat out at the elbows—his eyes out of line, and his nose out of proportion, it appears he has borrowed money of that short chap, who looks for all the world like Billy Barlow at the National Theatre. The first beauty, having individuality deficient, seems to have forgotten the debt, and he is jogging his memory by relating the circumstances. Hear them. 'Now Swipes, you know you owes me three cents!—you met me here yesterday, and says you, Scruggs says you, there's a blaguard thirst comin' over me, says you—can't you lend me three cents to stop it—I'll pay you to-morrow!—Swipes, says I, I've jis been washin a little blackguardism out o' my own throat, and there's the three cents change! take em, says I—and you tuck the *indiwidooals* and went over to Swiggs's and got a three cent purifier.'

"Well! I remember the blackguard feelin comin over me, and I recollect goin over to Swiggs's, and eventually gittin a little suthee or other to wash it out—but I don't remember nothin about the three *indiwidooals* you mention.'

MARVELOUSNESS.—In Scraps No. 7, Johnston has illustrated the organ of marvelousness, first, by *Domini Sampson*, exclaiming Prodigious over a number of the Scraps—second, by wiseacre reading the moon-hoax—third by a John Bull and his wife reading the journal of a story in the United States, upon which John remarks, 'Vot a hexecrable 'ord of hignorant 'eathens these hamericans har! Why, captain 'All didn't tell 'alf, and captain 'Amilton didn't tell hall.'—To which Mrs. Bull replies, 'No, and what's somethink hod, Mrs. Trollop 'ardly 'ints any think hextronery in the hanimals, hexcept their hextravagance and 'orid 'habit of hexecuting 'ogs and the king's English.' The fourth sketch, and the best of all, is an old woman with eyes and mouth agape, and spectacles on nose, satisfying her wonder by perusing a delectable book called 'Awful Disclosures. Boston Galaxy.

Extremes.—'I always heard that *extremes* were dangerous,' said a wight who received a kick in the seat of honor, from a thick boot. 'Yes,' said the kicker, 'and you know that extremes often meet.'

Sea Serpent.—A serpent, seventy feet long, chased the steamer Mogul for many miles, in the Mississippi River. The captain was afraid the enormous animal would either overset the boat or *swallow it whole!* If the said serpent would have found as much difficulty in swallowing the steamboat as we have in swallowing him, the passengers were astonishingly safe.

The New York Sun requests Mr. John Cox to call at their office. Who is Mr. John Cox, and why should Mr. John Cox call at the office of the New York Sun? If Mr. John Cox has no better employment for his time than by calling at the office of the New York Sun, we sincerely pity Mr. John Cox.

The Very Last.—People adopt all sorts of ways to torment editors, and have not yet determined which is the best. Here, however, is the newest and the very last. The editor of the Springfield Journal was the sufferer, and we desire to be thankful it was not us.

"*Waking up the Wrong Passenger.*"—One night this week—the coldest we have had this season, about one o'clock, we were 'woke from a sound sleep by a loud rapping at the door. We hurried on some clothes as soon as possible, during which time the knocking was continued most valiantly. On opening the door, "Is there a passenger here to go in —— stage?" No. "Is there a Mr. Tobit or Tophet lives about here?" No—he probably lives in a hotter place.—"Who are your neghbors?" Mr. A——, and Mr. G——, and ——. "Mr. G. is the man I want to find." He lives in the next house. "I thank you for the use of your knocker; and think he must be waked up."

The amount of notes which fell due on Friday and Saturday was very great, especially among the grocers. On Saturday the amount paid into the Banks was estimated at eight millions of dollars. Every merchant's note was promptly paid. N. Y. Jour. of Commerce.

A TYRANT'S PASTIME.—King Louis the XI of France, ordered the abbot of Baigno, a man of great wit, and who had the nack of inventing musical instruments, to get him a concert of swines voices, thinking it impossible.—The abbot accordingly mustered up a number of hogs of several ages, and placed them upon a pavilion covered with velvet, (before which he had a sound board painted with a certain number of keys,) thus making an organ and as he played on the keys with little spikes, which pricked the hogs, he made them cry in such tune and concert, as highly delighted the king and court.

"BOSTON PEARLS."

SONG BY ALBERT PIKE.

Written for the Boston Pearl.

O yes—I am changed from the days, when the bloom
Of my heart and my cheek had not faded—
When my eye had not waned, and the darkness and gloom
My heart and my hopes had not shaded.
But believe me, dear girl, not a feeling has changed,
Which I cherished for thee, ere we parted—
Not a thrill of my love hath the cold world estranged—
And thy smile again makes me warm-hearted.

The flower, transplanted to cavernous night,
From the home where its crimson buds flourished,
Grows pale, for the want of the dew and the light,
With which its young heart had been nourished—
But brought up again to the light of the skies,
It doth all its fragrance recover—
So thou, dearest girl, with the light of thine eyes,
Shalt bless the torn heart of thy lover.

THE LAST STAGE OF HUMAN MISERY.—The Nashua Gazette gives the following shocking detail of a lunatic case in New Hampshire:—"An insane pauper in this town is now confined in a dungeon built in the cellar of his keeper, from whom he formerly escaped, was pursued, brought back, and placed there for safe keeping. Shut up in darkness, he became frantic, as well he might, and no one dared approach him. They fastened up every outlet of escape, and here for two years has he been imprisoned, without fire, without clothing, and no human eye has once seen him. A trough has been placed to receive his food, and here he is fed daily like the very swine. Is not such a picture too painful even for imagination?"

The Boston Pearl says:—"Mrs. Gibbs, late Miss Graddon, formerly prima donna of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, who is eminent both as an accomplished vocalist and elegant actress, and esteemed for her lady-like manners in private life and filial regard, is at the Park theatre, New York. She was the contemporary and successful rival of Mrs. Wood in London two or three seasons since, and there acquired no slight measure of encomia. May we not hope to hear her in this city ere long.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF "KNOCKS" ESSAYS.—A man was tried at the central criminal court on Wednesday for burglary, Mr. Justin Bosanquet asked,—"Did the prisoner resist when taken into custody?"—Policeman—"Yes, my Lord"—Judge—"What did he do?"—Policeman—"He knocked down a hundred and seventy-five."

The judge stared with astonishment; but it was explained that the prisoner had only knocked down one, viz., policeman number 175. This is like the story of the tavern-waiter, who observing a couple of customers absconding, shouted out, "Master! master! I'm blowed but there's a couple of teas and a brandy-and-water jumped over the wall!"

Some time ago a professor of legerdemain entertained an audience in a village of Scotland, which was principally composed of colliers. After "astonishing the natives" with various tricks—metamorphosing wine into water, &c., he asked the loan of a halfpenny from any of his admirers. A collier, with a little hesitation, handed out the coin, which the juggler speedily exhibited, as he said, transformed into a guinea. "An' is that my bawbee?" exclaimed the collier. "Undoubtedly," answered the juggler. "Let's see't," said the collier; and turning it round and round in examination with an ecstacy of delight, thanked the juggler for his kindness, and putting it into his pocket, said, "I'se warn't ye'll no turn't into a bawbee again."

Dr. Brandreth says ours is a "hospitable and highly favored country." Go it Doctor! Sugar your pills.

One way of manufacturing "public sentiment" is by getting a brother editor to copy and endorse your opinion of a person or thing that he knows nothing about.

A Mr. Smith certifies in the N. Y. Sunday News that he has been cured of the rheumatism. We are glad of it.

Some of the newspapers talk of rising in price—having fallen short in quality long enough.

Dr. Graham is a wonderfully well disposed and quiet citizen.

LEVIATHAN, LAPDOG, GLENCOE, AND St. GILES.

JAMES JACKSON & Co.'s Imported Stallions will Stand at the following places and prices for the next season, of 1837.

Imported Leviathan, at the stable of Col. GEO. ELLIOTT, Gallatin, Tenn. at $100.
" *Lapdog* will also stand at the same stable, $50.
" *Glencoe*, at the stable of JAMES JACKSON, Florence, Ala., $100.
" *St. Giles*, for the ensuing season, will be withdrawn. [n19.]

THOROUGH-BRED HORSES FOR SALE.

THE following thorough-bred horses, belonging to the estate of the late Bela Badger, of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, are offered for sale, viz.:—
John Richards, Valentine, (Imported),
Flying Dutchman, Chifney,
Priam.

The four first-named horses are at Gen. John Falkner's, Gerrard County, Kentucky. Priam is in Preble County, Ohio.

The terms of payment (good security being given) will be made easy to purchasers.

Applications may be made to S. BADGER, (Ex. to the estate of Bela Badger,) Philadelphia, Pa., or to JOSEPH H. HELLINGS, Lexington, Ky.
Nov. 7, 1836. [n12-6t.]

ZINGANEE, IVANHOE, AND HANSLAP.

THE Subscriber is desirous of farming out, for one year or more, the following celebrated racing stallions, so well known on the turf as the winners of never fading laurels:—

Zinganee is a deep bay, 9 years old, by Sir Archie, dam by Imp. Chance; black mane and tail, five feet three inches high, and in fine condition.

Hanslap is a rich bay, five feet seven inches high, by Washington, dam by Sir Archie; one of the fleetest and stoutest race nags on the turf; now 7 years old.

Ivanhoe, a fine bay, with black legs, mane and tail, 13 years old, is own brother to Polly Hopkins, and a sure foal getter.

All three are from the best racing families, and "their connexions (on the turf,) are of the highest respectability." Application must be made before the 10th Jan. next, to
Nov. 5, 1836. JAMES S. GARRISON, Norfolk, Virginia.

A TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, by a gentleman at Murfreesboro', Tenn., about August, 1837, a person capable of taking the management and training of a stable of horses, to whom a liberal salary will be given, with every encouragement. Apply to JOHN HOLMES.
o15. Murfreesboro', Tenn.

MARGRAVE, winner of the Great Doncaster St. Leger in 1832.

THIS most celebrated English Racer, the best in the Kingdom of his age, for two years, has just arrived in Tennessee, from Virginia, where he made one season. Margrave was the best colt of his year, having won the great St. Leger, 73 subscribers; the Criterion Stakes, 36 subscribers; the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, 15 subscribers; the Gascoigne Stakes, 11 subscribers, and other races, running against the best horses, at Newmarket, Epsom, Doncaster, and the most fashionable courses. He won the St. Leger, and was able also to win the Derby, it is now known beyond a doubt, and no other horse has been able to win both these great stakes for the last 35 years. The English Sportsmen considered Margrave a racer of almost unequalled excellence, and place him in the same rank with Priam, Sultan, Flying Childers, &c. &c.

Margrave, when taken from the Turf, was farmed by that most judicious and successful breeder, Mr. Watt, who bred Lottery and Memnon, to serve his stud, and his colts are said to be very superior. After making two seasons there, he was purchased and imported into Virginia in the Fall of 1835. He has proved himself a sure foal-getter.

Margrave was got by Muley, sire of Vespa, (winner of the Oaks,) Muley Moloch, Leviathan, and other good runners at all distances—his dam was got by Election, winner of the Derby, and a capital 4 mile horse, and a favorite stallion—his grandam, Fair Helen, by Hamiltonian, the best racer of his day, and a very distinguished stallion, out of Helen, by Delpini—Rosalind by Phenomenon—Atalanta by Matchem—Lass of the Mill by Oroonoko—Traveller—Miss Makeless—Partner—Woodcock—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless—Brimmer—Dickey Picason—Burton's Barb Mare. A rich, fashionable, and stout pedigree, and Margrave always run an honest and game horse while on the Turf.

Margrave is a dark chesnut, without white, sixteen hands high, with good action, large bone, great substance, immense power, and good constitution and temper.

He will cover the next season (1837) at Nashville. Terms and other particulars in due time. THOS. ALDERSON.
Nashville, Dec. 1, 1836. [n17-2t.]

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

SUPERIOR PASTE BLACKING.

JAMES DARCY & CO.'S BLACKING MANUFACTORY, No. 4 Courtland-street, N. York. Where all orders will be thankfully received, and punctually attended to.
☞ Wholesale purchasers will find it their advantage to call at the Old Establishment.
mar 12

WOOD ENGRAVING AND XYLOGRAPHY.

DRUGGISTS' AND OTHER LABELS, FOR SALE, at No. 7 Wall-street, up-stairs; also wood type, manufactured by machinery, for sale. mar 5

TO PAINTERS AND GUILDERS.

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF, warranted superior quality, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watt-street, New-York.
N. B. Gold, silver, and copper bronzes, of different colors and qualities, at lowest price, for cash. Orders will be shipped punctually and free of charges. Address GEORGE S. WAITE, at the manufactory, No. 459 Greenwich-street, or No. 67 Watt-street, New-York.

WANTED,

CAST OFF CLOTHING, at Michael Levy's 82 1-2 Chatham-street, near Chatham-street chapel. N.B. Please to notice the number. mar 5

BARDOTTE & CARTER.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING ROOM & PERFUMERY WAREHOUSE, No. 146 Broadway, up stairs. mar 5

THOMAS POOL,

BAROMETER AND THERMOMETER MAKER, No. 31 Fulton-street, New-York. Barometers, Thermometers, and Philosophical Apparatus carefully repaired. Glass blown for chemical experiments. mar 5

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. bay mare, *Lady of the Lake*, 24 years old, by Imp. Sir Harry, dam by Imp. Diomed, grandam, by Imp. St. George, g g dam by Imp. Fearnought, g g g dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, out of an imported mare, now stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.
No. 2. Ch. m. *Charlotte Hamilton*, 10 years old, by Sir Charles, dam No. 1—stinted and in foal to Imp. Leviathan.
No. 3. B. m. *Molly Seagrim*, by Randolph, 6 yrs. (by Tenn. Oscar, out of his full sister) her dam No. 1.
No. 4. G. c. *Daniel O'Connell*, 4 yrs. old, by Sir Henry Tonson, dam No. 1.
No. 5. Ch. f. *Jenny Deans*, 3 years old, by Pizarro, (by Old Pacolet, dam by Florizel, grandam by Grey Diomed, &c.) dam No. 2, stinted to Leviathan.
No. 6. B. f. *Cockahanna*, by Cock of the Rock, dam No. 2, now in a Sweepstakes to be run at Gallatin, the fall of 1839 two mile heats, 13 entries at $100 each, and closed.
The above are of the best blood and shape, and are for sale; application to be made to
[n12] G. W. PARKER, Gallatin, Tenn.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.
R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.
R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.
R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.
N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 29

TO TURFMEN AND BREEDERS.

SHORTLY will be published Three Genealogical Tables of Thorough bred ENGLISH STALLIONS, showing, at a glance, the line of blood of every entire horse which has got coverers descended from the three great sources of the race-horse—viz., the *Darley Arabian*, the *Godolphin Arabian*, and the *Byerly Turk*. The tables are compiled by W. Ruff, Turf Reporter to the London Papers and Bell's Life in London, from those of M. Lunen, drawn by order of the Emperor of Russia, and are published under the patronage of the most influential members of the Jockey Club; they will be neatly lithographed and may be had either on a plain sheet, or on rollers to hang up as a map. Orders received at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. a 13.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.
Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.
A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.
The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.
Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.
The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.
HENRY STANNARD
KILLINGWORTH, Con. June, 1836. june 25

SOUTHERN HOTEL.

THE subscriber having leased that well known establishment 157 Broadway, (late Niblo's), begs to inform his friends and the public, that it is now undergoing thorough renovation in painting and furnishing throughout, and will be open for the accommodation of travellers and permanent boarders on the 14th inst. Having secured a very superior assortment of wines and liquors, and intending to conduct this establishment on the most approved and liberal plan, he trusts, by every attention, an excellent larder and able assistants, to merit a share of public patronage. [n12] EDWARD OTTEY, 157 Broadway.

MERCHANTS' HOTEL, CHARLESTON, S. C.

FORMERLY CONDUCTED BY Mr. MIOT, Society-street, Charleston, S. C.—DANIEL COOK, the present Proprietor of the above establishment, begs leave to inform its friends and the public generally, that he has connected himself with Mr. S. W. SHELTON, and solicits a continuance of the extensive patronage heretofore received.
This establishment, as is well known, is in every way calculated to render comfort both to the traveller and permanent boarder, and every exertion will be continued on the part of the proprietors, to accommodate those who may favor them with a call.
Mr. S. W. Shelton will give his personal attention to the entire management of the house
[d17-4t.] D. COOK.
S. W. SHELTON.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 90 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.
Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c., will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.
Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.
Cumberland's British and Minor Drama; Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama, Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.
Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.
New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

A CARD.

W. FULLER respectfully informs his subscribers and the public in general, that both Gymnasiums, 205 Green-street, near Bleecker-street, and 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, have re-opened for the season.—"Bodily exercise strengthens, and a sedentary life weakens the constitution; therefore it is necessary to keep up the balance between body and mind."—SPURZHEIM.
Sparring and Fencing taught as usual, upon the most approved principles. s3.

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PRINCIPAL FLUTE OF THE PARK THEATRE, and late of the Baltimore orchestras, continues to give instruction on the above instrument, and the piano forte.
Terms may be known at his residence, No. 6 Ann street, near Broadway. [n26.]

FOR SALE.

A CHESNUT MARE, 7 years old last spring, got by the celebrated race horse Contention, out of the dam of the unequalled Fanny Wyatt, by Sir Hal—she out of a Bedford, and she out of Old Agnes. Stinted to Gohanna last season—very handsome, and has two beautiful colts. Price $1000 for the said mare. Apply to J. B. Kendall, Baltimore.
[n26-4t.] WILLIAM WYNN.

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.
Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano Guitar and Violin.
Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.
Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.
Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.
In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.
The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.
Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.
JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
jy 23. 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of
FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.
1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.
MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.
☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.
Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

BALTIMORE, Md. - - - Match, $6000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of Spring meeting, 1837.
CHARLESTON, S. C. - Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Washington Course, Monday, 20th Feb.
COLUMBIA, S. C. - - - Jockey Club, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Jan.
FRANKLIN, La. - - - - Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
NEW YORK CITY. - - Jockey Club, Union Course, 1st Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Annual Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st or 2d Wednesday in March.
" " Match, 4 m. h., $6,000 aside; *Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Feb. 27.
" " Match, 4 m. h., $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Feb. 1837
" " Match, Mile hts, $1000 aside; b. c. by Pacific, vs. b. c. by Longwaist; Feb.
" " Match, Mile hts, $2500 a side; f. br. to Naked Truth vs. f. by Mulley; Feb.
" " Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., — heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Feb. 1837.
" " Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., 2 m. h., *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Feb.
" " Match, 4 m. h., $3,000 aside, h. ft., *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*, Jan. 29, 1837.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - - Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. - Camden and Phila. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday in May.
TREE HILL, Va. - - - Match, 2 m. heats, $3000 a-side, h. ft. *Kitty Magee*, by Timoleon, vs. *Virginia Timberlake*, by Sir Charles, 1st day of Spring meeting, 1837.
WASHINGTON CITY. - National Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

AARON BURR.

M. L. DAVIS AND THE LADIES.—The Harpers have published the first volume of the "*Memoirs of Aaron Burr, by M. L. Davis*," which will be read with avidity by the public. It is a work of great importance and interest, and calculated to produce no small degree of excitement. The Star, in alluding to Mr. Davis, says—

"The first volume of his life of Aaron Burr is finished. It is a book of deep interest, and there are some facts, relative to the course pursued by his biographer, which are too honorable not to be known.

"Whatever military and civic talent the world has awarded to Aaron Burr, his moral character never ranked high. Burr, like Richelieu, Mazarin, and many modern diplomatists, had great confidence in the agency of women to bring about political events, but Burr carried his doctrines further than mere diplomatic agency, the result of which was an extensive correspondence with ladies of high rank and character, both in this country and in Europe—a correspondence which, if brought to light, would have created the most painful excitement in families. Mr. Davis, in the most honorable manner, committed them all to the flames, excepting one package from a lady of fortune and high character in this city, which he reserved for a little triumph. The letters alluded to were of such a character, as to leave no doubt of the terms on which the lady and Col. Burr had lived; but unfortunately, in one of them, the lady in referring to Mr. Davis, very spitefully and unceremoniously gave it as her opinion, that he should long ago have been sent to the penitentiary.

"Mr. Davis very carefully collected the letters, tied them up in an envelope, and called on the lady at her residence, in —— Place. 'I have,' said he 'destroyed a number of letters of a very delicate nature, which were in the possession of Col. Burr; but lest, madam there should be any apprehension on your mind that *your* letters, by accident, have been mislaid, I have here brought the package, that you may be certain that you have yourself the evidence of their destruction—do with them what you please; they are yours.' So saying, with a low bow, he took leave of the lady, who was too much overwhelmed with surprise and alarm, to make any reply; and when a few days afterwards she whisked by him in her carriage, she drew her veil hastily over her face, and fell back against the cushions."

A BRAVE BOY.—"None but the brave deserve the fair." The Norfolk Herald publishes the following epistle as a "verbatim ad literatim" copy of the original, written by a young *spark* who had made a dash at his *flame*, and had her safely under convoy, to acquaint her family of the fact, and at the same time to taunt them with the futility of their opposition to his union with the young lady. The Herald says the parties do not reside a thousand miles from the Ancient Metroplis of Virginia, and that the gentleman certainly did not win his "lady-love" by a *spell*.

Nov. the 29 1836

To All in home this may concern I have bein opposed in what I have undertaking and by Those that have no Right to do so and as such I have taking this pland tho attended with much expence but I doant Regard so I get the object of all my wishes I have started from old —— to night with Miss —— and my Sister for the perpose of Maring Miss —— before I return and I Suppose I have got tenn miles A hed in this time and if you can over take mee come on and come well preparred too for if you dont you may be in danger for I be damb if the man that gets hur from me if he aint got to get my Life if you wont to no my Rought I will tell you I have A fresh horse for every twenty miles between hear and Sity of Richmond I will take the Peters Burgh Stage to morrow morning & then the Steam Cars and tha will Land us whear I wont to be and that aint all but money A plenty to pay every expence

I am yours & doant car
A dam enney how. *. *. ****

This precious *morceau* was delivered to the brother of the lady, subscribed as follows:—

To enney Man or woman or Child ho may wont to find us out, Look in this.

Dr. Johnson observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds, if a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone. "A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse TAURUS, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself, See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD.*]

No. 2.—POWHATTAN, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—DASHALL, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—MIDDLESEX, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—BROWN, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. LANGFORD, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. JOHN BULL, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. SOMERSET, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. MARGARET, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare CHARLOTTE PACE, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare POWANCEY, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

No. 17—Gray mare BIANCA, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare YOUNG NETTLETOP, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19—Bay mare MISS MATTIE, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare BLANCHE, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g g dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g g g dam the Bashaw mare—Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare LADY MOSTYN, foaled 1831: got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Humbletonian, g g dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare HELEN, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, Imp. Highlander—Fair American by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

The horses in training can be seen at J. K. Van Mater's, near Monmouth Court House, and the others at Capt. Stockton's farm, near Princeton, N. J. [d24-6m]

SHAKSPEARE HOTEL.

THE Subscriber has recently opened the splendid new Hotel, erected on the site of Harmony Hall, on the corner of William and Duane streets, which will be conducted on an entire new plan, that he hopes will give satisfaction to his friends and the public generally. He will always keep the best the market affords—such as Birds, Fish, Flesh, &c. The Bar will be furnished with the best of Liquors. Oysters served up in the best style.

Attached to the Hotel is a large and commodious REFECTORY, where meals can be had at all hours at a moment's notice.

The subscriber formerly kept the Park Hall at Boston, and hopes by a strict attention to the comfort of his customers, to merit a share of public patronage.

[d24] AMOS S. ALLEN, Shakspeare Hotel and Refectory.

WASHINGTON NATIONAL J. C. RACES, SPRING, 1837,

WILL commence the 1st Tuesday in May. There is now open a post sweepstake for 4 year olds, spring, 1837, three mile heats, entrance $500, forfeit $300. To close the 10th April. The horse to be named at the starting post—now two subscribers. Particulars will hereafter be given. [n5-4t.] JAMES S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course: the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. BOARDMAN enters get of Imp. CONSOL.

Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

JAMES JACKSON & Co. enter the get of Imp. LEVIATHAN, on the terms proposed.

Nashville, Tenn. Aug. 10, 1836. Sept. 10.

NORTH ALABAMA SWEEPSTAKES.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race with colts and fillies, dropped in 1835, over the *North Alabama Race Course*, at Huntsville, on Monday of the Jockey Club Race week, the Fall meeting of 1838, one mile out; colts to carry 75lb., fillies allowed 2lb. Sub. $150, forfeit $100. To close and name to the Secretary of said Club, at Huntsville, on, or before 1st of January, 1837. Four or more to constitute a race.

1. E. H. Boardman | 2. John Blevins.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race with colts and fillies, dropped in 1836, over the North Alabama Race Course, at Huntsville, on Tuesday of Jockey Club Race week, the Fall meeting of 1839, Two mile heats; colts to carry 90lb., fillies and gelding allowed 3lb. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close and name to the Secretary of said Club at Huntsville, on or before 1st January, 1837. Five or more to constitute a race.

1. E. H. Boardman names ch. c. by St. Patrick, out of Delight, by Reveller.
2. James Jackson. 3. Samuel Ragland. 4. Wm. H. Gee. 5. John Blevins.

Huntsville, Nov. 10, 1836. [d3].

THE RAGLAND STAKES, FLORENCE, Ala.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race with colts and fillies, dropped in Spring, 1836, over the *Florence* (Ala.) *Course*, Mile heats, on first Wednesday in May, 1839. Sub. $100, h. ft.. And to run the same colts and fillies, over the same Course, on Monday preceding the regular Jockey Club Races, a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, $200 sub. h. ft. To be governed by the Rules of said Jockey Club. Four or more to make a race. Now closed.

1. Samuel Ragland names b f by Imp. Leviathan, out of Eliza Jones, by Tuscoleon.
2. James Jackson names ch f by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gallopade
3. Nicholas Davies names b c by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover, by Sir Charles.
4. E. H. Boardman names ch c by Actæon, out of Imp. Design, by Tramp.
5. E. H. Boardman names ch c by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Bell, by Sir Archy.
6. H. B. Turner names the get of Whalebone, out of Betsey Baker, by Tuscoleon.
7. Nath. Terry enters the produce of Clear the Kitchen, by Imp. Leviathan.
8. W. H. Gee enters br f by Imp. Luzborough, out of Brunette, by Sir Hal.
9. John Blevins enters ch f by Wild Bill, out of Lady Huntsville, Sister to J. Bascomb.
10. Geo. Mason enters ch c by Malcomb, dam by Carolinian.
11. A. Whitlock enters the get of Imp. Luzborough, out of Virginius, by Cripple.
12. John Connally names b f by Editor, out of Molly Long, by Stockholder.
13. W. H. Gee enters b f by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kate Kensia, by Contention.
14. Jas. Kirkman names b c by Emilius, out of Eliza, by Rubens. [d3]

SWEEPSTAKES, NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, do agree to run a Sweepstake race over the *Nashville* (Tenn.) *Course*, in the Fall of 1837, preceding the Jockey Club Fall Races, with colts and fillies, then two years old, the Spring preceding, One mile out, $100 entrance, p.p., agreeable to rule. To name and close by the 1st Jan. 1837.

1. John C. Beasley | 3. T. A. Pankey
2. Stokeley Donelson | 4. A. B. Newsam
5. Wm. H. Gee.

WE, the Subscribers, do agree to run a Sweepstake race over the *Nashville* (Tenn.) *Course*, on the first Monday in May, 1838, with colts and fillies, then three years old. Sub. $200, h. ft. Mile heats, agreeable to present rules of said Course. To name and close by the 1st of January, 1837.

1. Robt. L. Weakly enters Anacroras colt, by Pacific.
2. G. W. Williams enters gr c by Imp. Leviathan, out of Morgiana.

3. Stokeley Donelson.	5. A. B. Newsam.	7. T. A. Pankey.
4. A. J. Donelson.	6. John C. Beasley.	8. L. B. Cheatham.

WE, the Subscribers, do agree to run a Sweepstake race over the *Nashville* (Tenn.) *Course*, on the first Tuesday in May, 1839, with colts and fillies, then three years old, Mile heats, $200 entrance, h. ft., agreeable to the present rules of said Course. To name and close by 1st January, 1837.

1. John C. Beasley.	3. T. A. Pankey.	5. James Jackson.
2. Stokeley Donelson.	4. Wm. H. Gee.	6. L. P. Cheatham.
	7. Arnold Russell.	[d3]

SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB.

THE ANNUAL RACES over the Washington Course, near Charleston, S. C., will commence on Monday, the 20th Feb. 1837, with a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old. Two mile heats, entrance $300, h. ft. Closed with 5 subscribers, viz.: Col. Hampton, Col. Singleton, Col. Butler, J. G. Guignard, Esq., and W. Sinkler, Esq.

On Wednesday, the 22d.—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, free for horses of all ages.

On Thursday, the 23d.—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats, free for horses of all ages.

On Friday, the 24th.—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats. No horse allowed to start for this Purse that is not under 5 years.

On Saturday, the 25th.—Handicap Purse, Three mile heats.

In the week following the Citizens' Purse will be run for.

Besides the above Purses, the Club will also give $50 a day (the entrance money to be added) for a second race, Two mile heats, weights for age.

Charleston, S. C. Nov. 14, 1836. [n26-moj.] JOHN B. IRVING, Secretary

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THE KENDALL COURSE RACES

WILL hereafter take place on the 3d week of May and October, instead of the 4th, as heretofore.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, near Baltimore.

1. A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds to run Spring meeting, 1837. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, now 5 subscribers; to name and close the 1st March next.
2. A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock, to run Spring meeting, 1837. Entrance $100, forfeit $50; three or more to make a race: to name and close 1st March next.
3. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then three years old, to run Spring, 1839. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250; now 12 subscribers; to name and close 1st January next.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. D. Shepherd enters produce of Prism, out of Moss Rose, by Tramp.
2. Col. Wm. L. White enters produce of Maid of Athens and Goliah.
3. Jas. B Kendall enters produce of Mary Randolph and Tranby.
4. Geo. Symms enters produce of Jemima Wilkinson and Monsieur Tonson.
5. Col. John Heth enters produce of Arietta and Shark.
6. Col. Jas. M. Selden enters produce of Hotspur and Florida.
7. Thos. Pearsall enters produce of Gohanna and Gulnare.
8. Wm. Bosley has not named.
9. Col. Wm. R. Johnson, not named.
10. Wm. Williamson & J. P. Corbin, not named.
11. Col. Wm. Wynn enters produce of Flirtilla and Chateau Margeaux.
12. Also produce of Isabella and Eclipse.

In addition to the above, there are eight or ten more promised. Should this meet their eye, I hope it will put them in mind to make their entries in time. Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above Stakes, can do so, by addressing a letter to the subscriber, at Baltimore. [n19-4w.] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

SWEEPSTAKES. CAMDEN, S. C.

THE following Sweepstakes to be run over this Course, and open until the 1st Feb. next. Entries to be made with the Secretary.

1st. On the day preceding the races in 1837, for three year old colts and fillies, $100 entrance, h. ft., Mile heats, to which there are 4 subs.

2d. On the day preceding the races in 1838, for three year old colts and fillies, $200 entrance, h. ft., Two mile heats; 4 subs.

3d. On the day preceding the races in 1839, for three year old colts and fillies, $100 entrance, h. ft., Mile heats; 5 subs.

4th. On the day preceding the races in 1840, for 3 year old colts and fillies, $200 entrance, Two mile heats; 7 subs.; 3lb. allowed fillies in each race. [d3]

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA SPRING RACES, 1837,

WILL commence on the fourth Tuesday in May next. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 years old, is now open over that course, one mile heats, entrance $500, forfeit $200. To close on 1st Jan. 1837—now seven subscribers. Entries can be described by letter, addressed to W. J. Leiper, Secretary to the Club, or to the subscriber, at Philadelphia. Entries made by mail must be post-marked the day previous to the closing of the stake.

1 J. S. Garrison,	3 J. P. Corbin,	5 Willett M'Coun,	7 C. Irvine,
2 C. W. Morgan,	4 I. S. Snedecor,	6 William Jones,	8 John Heth.

[n5.] WM. N. FRIEND, Proprietor.

TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES.

THE following sweepstakes are open to come off over the *Hunting Park Trotting Course*, Philadelphia, Spring meeting, 1837, viz.:—

1. Sweepstake, Three mile heats under the saddle, sub $1000, h. ft., with $500 added by the Proprietor, three or more to make a race. To close by the first of March, 1837.
2. Sweepstake to come off the subsequent day to the race named above, sub. $500, h. ft., with $200 added by the Proprietor. Two mile heats, under the saddle, 3 or more to make a race. To close by the 1st of March, 1837.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1836. [d3] JAMES BROWN, Proprietor.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES AND MATCHES to be run over the *Union Course*. All the *Sweepstakes* now open will close the first of January, 1837.

By reference to the annexed, subscribers will know their nominations, where closed—and have an opportunity of naming or changing such as are still open to the 1st of January. Any gentleman wishing to make a nomination to any stake marked "*open*" on the list, will please address the undersigned before the 1st of January, 1837.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Jamaica, New York.

SPRING, 1837.

Match, mile heats, two weeks before the 1st Spring meeting, 1837, between Mr. John C. Stevens' Henry colt, out of Janette, and Capt. Stockton's colt, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey.

First Meeting, Spring 1837, for 3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robert Tillotson names ——, by Henry, out of the dam of Medoc.
2. R. L. Stevens names produce of Betsy Ransom, by Henry.
3. Do. names produce of Polly Hopkins, by Nullifier.
4. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress, by Eclipse.
5. Do. names produce of Ostrich, by Andrew.
6. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Henry.
7. Do. names produce of Romp, by Henry.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey, by Sir Charles.
9. Do. names produce of Monmouth's dam, by Dashall.
10. Wm. Gibbons names Shadow, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam Sally Slouch.
11. I. S. Snedecor names c. by Andrew, dam Vandeveer's Pacolet mare.
12. Wm. Jones names produce, a Lovell colt out of Eleanor.
13. T. Pearsall names produce, a colt by Flying Childers, dam Gulnare.
14. A. L. Botts names s. f. by Eclipse, dam Phillis, full sister to Gohanna.
15. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Sir Charles.
16. John Drew names produce "Cornelia," by Andrew, dam Filho mare.
17. Samuel Laird names s. f. Betsey Andrew, by Andrew, dam Farmer's Damsel.
18. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.

OPEN.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250; 4 or more to make a race. To close 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton.	3. Robert Tillotson.
2. J. C. Stevens.	4. Robt. L. Stevens.

OPEN.

Second Meeting, Spring, 1837.—Two mile heats, for 4 year olds. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250, four or more to make a race, and close the 1st of January, 1837.

1. Wade Hampton names full sister to Trifle.
2. John C. Stevens names Dosoris, by Henry, out of Goliah's dam.

FALL, 1837.

First Meeting, Fall, 1837.—Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
2. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry
3. J. Bathgate names produce of a Henry mare and Autocrat.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Henry.
5. Also " " of Romp and Henry.
6. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Henry.
7. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey and Sir Charles.
8. G. T. Wilson names produce of Miss Fisher and Andrew.
9. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis and Eclipse.
10. T. Pearsall names produce of Gulnare and Clubbers.
11. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Nullifier.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Fall, 1837. Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100, to close 1st of January, 1837.

SPRING, 1838.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, mile heats. Entrance, $300, forfeit $100; to close 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Helen Mar and Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Oscar mare and Monmouth Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Eclipse.
4. Also produce of Janette and Eclipse.
5. James Cooke names s. c. Crickett, by Henry, dam by Eclipse
6. W. Livingston names produce of Jemima and Eclipse.
7. Also produce of Medora and Eclipse.
8. J. Vansicler names produce of Lady Richmond and Eclipse.

OPEN.

Spring, 1838.—Sweepstakes, Mile heats. Entrance $200, forfeit $50. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. J. Vansicler names produce of Rotten Apples, by Simon.

Produce Sweepstakes for Spring, 1838, Mile heats. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Livingston names produce of Medora, by Eclipse.
2. Also produce of Jemima, by Eclipse.
3. R. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam, by Eclipse.
4. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette, by Eclipse.
5. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Betsey Richards, by Eclipse.
6. R. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste, by Eclipse.
7. S. Gouverneur names produce of Polly Jones, by Eclipse.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie, by Eclipse.
9. Also produce of Charlotte Pace, by Eclipse.
10. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Reality, by Eclipse.
11. John C. Craig names produce of Bonnets of Blue, by Eclipse.
12. Also produce of Kate Kearney, by Eclipse.
13. S. Ringgold names produce of Arietta, by Eclipse or Medley
14. John Heth names produce of Screamer, by Luzborough.
15. Also produce of Annette, by Goliah.
16. W. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla, by Luzborough.
17. Also produce of Isabella, by Luzborough.
18. A. L. Botts names produce of Phillis, full sister to Gohanna, by Goliah.
19. Wm. H. Minge names produce of dam of Mazeppa, by May Day.
20. Robt. Randolph names produce of Minge's Bluster mare, by Forty Four.
21. W. R. Johnson names produce of dam of Charles Kemble, by Andrew.
22. Wm. Coleman names produce of dam of Trifle, by Andrew.
23. J. M. Botts names produce of dam of Rosalie Somers, by Gohanna.
24. Also produce of dam of Rolla, by Gohanna.
25. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Bedford mare, by Eclipse.
26. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank, by Eclipse.
27. John C. Stevens names produce of Romp, by Henry.
28. James S. Garrison names produce of Lady La Grange, by Luzborough.
29. Also produce of Sally Hope, by Sarpedon.
30. Also produce of dam of Zinganee, by Ivanhoe.
31. Wm. Jones names produce of Dove, by (imported) Reteau.
32. Jas. M. Selden names produce of dam of Bachelor, by Sussex.
33. A. B. Meade names produce of Green's Filho mare, by Eclipse.
34. Samuel Laird names produce of Farmer's Damsel, by Henry.
35. Also produce of Lady Hamlet, by Eclipse.
36. John C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam, by Eclipse.
37. Also produce of Lady Jackson, by Henry.
38. John C. Craig names produce of Betsey Archer, by Medley.
39. J. H. Oliver names produce of Patsey Calbert, by Tonson.
40. J. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda, by Eclipse.
41. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Lalla Rookh, by Henry.
42. J. R. Snedecor names produce of Grasshopper, by Eclipse.
43. John C. Stevens names produce of English mare Isabel, by Eclipse.
44. D. W. Jones names produce of Princess, by Eclipse.

FALL, 1838.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, for 3 year olds. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, for 3 yr. olds. Entrance $200, forfeit $50. To close 1st of January, 1837.

SPRING, 1839.

Match, mile heats, First meeting, 1839, between Mr. Tillotson's filly by Barefoot, out of Polly Jones and Mr. J. C. Stevens' Henry colt, out of Romp.

Match, mile heats, First meeting, 1839, between Mr. Tillotson's colt, by Gohanna, out of Medoc's dam, and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens' colt, out of Polly Hopkins, by Emilius.

Match, mile heats, between the produce of the dam of Ariel, by Gohanna, belonging to Mr Hamlin, and the produce of the dam of Post Boy, by Barefoot, of Mr. S. Neale; First meeting, 1839.

Match, Second meeting, 1839, mile heats, between the colts of Col. W. Hampton, and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens.

Produce Sweepstakes, mile heats, First meeting, Spring, 1839. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250, and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Barefoot.
2. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Gohanna.
3. J. C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
4. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Gohanna.
5. John Heth names produce of Arietta and Shark.
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Romp and Henry.
7. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Medoc's dam and Gohanna.
8. R. F. Stockton names produce of Miss Mattie and Shark.
9. Also produce of Powancey and Shark.
10. J. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Barefoot.
11. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Garland and Barefoot.
12. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius.
13. Also produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Mile heats, First meeting, Spring, 1339. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. Second in the race of receive back stakes: 4 or more to make a race, and close 1st of January, 1837.

1. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of Geranium and Barefoot.
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Mile heats, First meeting, 1839 Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.

FALL, 1839.

OPEN.

Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, First meeting, Fall, 1839. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.

SPRING, 1840.

OPEN.

Produce Stake, First meeting, Spring, 1839. Entrance $300, forfeit $100. To close 1st of January, 1837.

OPEN.

Produce Stake, Second meeting, 1840. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. The second in heat to receive back stakes, unless one should win a heat and not be distanced. Three or more to make a race, and close the 1st of January, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. P. Corbin names produce of Preston's dam, by Star.
2. S. Mallory names produce of Caroline James, by Eclipse.
3. John C. Stevens names produce of ——————.
4. J. M. Selden names produce of ——————.
5. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of ——————.
6. S. L. Gouverneur names produce of ——————.
7. B. B. Seaman names produce of Agnes and Barefoot.
8. W. Livingston names produce of Alice Grey and Tonson.
9. Also produce of Jemima and Barefoot.
10. I. S. Snedecor names produce of Blank and Barefoot.

FALL, 1840.

OPEN.

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The above is correctly copied from the Secretary's book, this 12th day of November, 1836.

ALEX. L. BOTTS, Secretary N. Y. Jockey Club.

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